



THE

# Tatler

THE TOP HAT SCHEME

& Bystander 2s. weekly 8 June 1960





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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3067

8 JUNE 1960

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Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET  
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## BE CONTEMPORARY WITH ANTIQUES



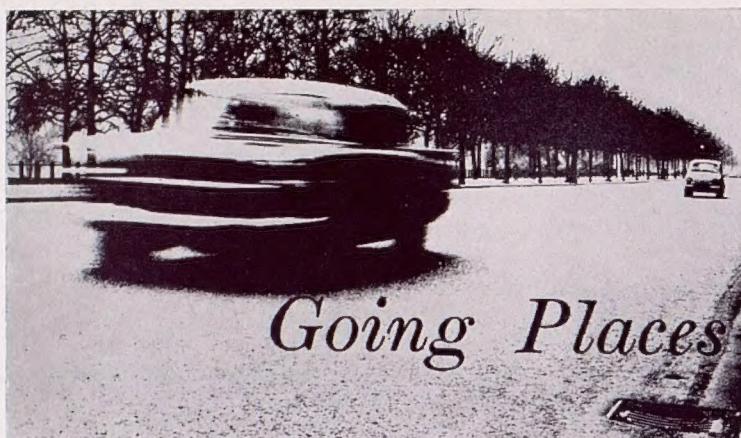
You may need one of the toppers for Ascot next week, and for those who haven't been before—or who have but didn't enjoy it—The Top Hat Scheme on page 549 may prove helpful. The cover was photographed by COLIN SHERBORNE. The girl's hat is by Otto Lucas, the toppers from Moss Bros. Binoculars from Curry & Paxton, racing silks by Nathans

**M**OST of the people who go to the Antiques Fair, which opens today at Grosvenor House, just go to look, and leave the buying to the loaded. After all, everything on show has been vetted and acclaimed by a committee of experts. But for no more than the price of a kitchen appliance anybody can come home with a guaranteed specimen that will not only look attractive but keep or increase its trade-in value. So with this mundane thought in mind Albert Adair has conducted a reconnaissance among exhibitors, and he duly reports on *How to spend a washing machine at the Antique Dealers' Fair* (page 557). . . . Of course that will still leave you with a long way to go but just to show what's waiting for you Kevin D'Arcy imagines (on page 558) a day in the life of a complete connoisseur, *Looking for Manners*. . . . All the Fair exhibits are pre-1830, so it wouldn't be practical to show you the hands of the craftsmen who made them, but Don Jarvis has photographed the hands of various exponents of contemporary crafts in *You need hands* . . . (page 553 onwards). . . . That was cheating a bit and so is the stressing of a certain antique flavour to *The Mikado entertains* (page 550), a picture report of a garden party at the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, where the Son of Heaven entertained his guests with traditional Japanese diversions. . . .

Changing the subject, the fashion section has some Wimbledon eve ideas for *Tennis: what to wear to wow them* (page 564 onwards) . . . and Counter Spy has been outdoors, too, gathering a secret report on what's new in garden equipment (page 563). . . . Espionage incidentally might seem just about the only thing that would induce any level-headed person to get into some of the positions photographed by Roger Hill in *The hard way up* (page 561), a brief look at the growing rock-climbing craze.

Next week: The steppers-out and the sitters-out. . . .





## SOCIAL

**Trooping the Colour**, 11 June at 11 a.m. (if wet 3 p.m.) on Horse Guards Parade.

**Lady Crosfield's Tennis Exhibition Matches**, 12 June, 2.30 p.m., 41 Highgate West Hill, N.6, in aid of N.P.F.A. Tickets: 35s. from Lady Crosfield.

**Barbecue-Ball**, 13 June, Hurlingham Club, in aid of Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution. Tickets: 2 gns. from Secretary, Autumn Days Fund, Agriculture House, S.W.1.

**Ascot Royal Meeting**, 14 to 17 June (Gold Cup 16th).

**Guards Boat Club Ascot Ball**, 15 June. Tickets (for members only): The Secretary, Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead.

**Cambridge May Balls**: First & Third Trinity Boat Club, Clare College, Sidney Sussex College, 13 June; Pembroke College, Emmanuel College, St. John's College, St. Catharine's College, 14 June; King's College, 15 June.

## SPORT & SHOWS

**Cricket**: First Test Match, England v. South Africa, Edgbaston, 9 June. Five days.

**Tennis**: Wightman Cup (Women), Great Britain v. U.S.A., Wimbledon, 10, 11 June.

**Polo**: Final of the Queen's Cup, Smith's Lawn, Windsor Park, 12 June.

**Motor-cycling**: International T.T. races, Isle of Man, 13, 15, 17 June.

**Richmond Royal Horse Show**, 9-11 June.

**County Shows**: Leicestershire (Melton Mowbray), 10, 11 June; Three Counties (Malvern), 13-16 June.

## MUSICAL

**Glyndebourne Opera Festival**. To 16 August. *I Puritani*, *Falstaff* and *Der Rosenkavalier*. (WEL 1010.)

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty* (first performance of season), 7.30 p.m., 10 June. (COV 1066.)

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Otello* (first performance of season), 7 p.m., 17 June.

**Royal Festival Hall**. B.B.C. Light Music Festival opens with ballet, opera and film music, 7.30 p.m., 11 June. (WAT 3191.)

**Lakeside concert**, Kenwood, Hampstead, 8 p.m., 11 June.

**Victoria & Albert Museum**. Bach & Beethoven concerts, Janos Starker ('cello), & Gyorgy Sebok (piano), 8 p.m., 9 & 12 June. (MAY 7600.)

## ART

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 16 August.

**Sickert** (paintings & drawings), Tate Gallery, S.W.1. To 19 June.

**19th & 20th Century French Paintings & Drawings**, Roland Browse & Delbanco, Cork Street, W.1. To 25 June.

**Portraits Of Children**, R.W.S.

Galleries, Conduit Street, W.1. To 22 June.

**Sculpture In The Open Air Exhibition**, Battersea Park. To September. (See page 577.)

**FESTIVALS OF THE ARTS** Aldeburgh Festival, 11-26 June.

**York Festival**, 12 June-3 July.

## FAIRS & EXHIBITIONS

**Antique Dealers' Fair**, Grosvenor House, today to 23 June.

**"The Restoration" Exhibition**, National Book League, Albemarle St., to 22 July.

## FIRST NIGHT

**Globe Theatre**. *A Lovely Light*. Tonight.

## THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 572.

**A Passage To India**. "... genuine theatrical pleasure... an exciting play... the crucial scene is particularly successful." Norman Wooland, Zia Mohyeddin, Dilys Hamlett, Enid Lorimer (Comedy Theatre, WHI 2578.)

## CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 573.

**Le Testament D'Orphée**. "Strange and fascinating... M. Cocteau is a master of fantasy... unique and great piece of cinematic art." (International Film Theatre, BAY 2345.)

# Travelling with children

by DOONE BEAL

THE annual anguish of planning holidays for the young is nearly with us again. I use the word "anguish," because so many parents make it so. The requirements of the under-14's are in fact devastatingly simple—beaches, beaches, beaches. Last year's miracle summer may persuade many parents that the beaches at home are just as satisfactory as any, but if your children have reached the age whereby you consider it worth crossing a strip of ocean, here are some suggestions.

The south-east coast of Ireland, while not to be compared with the romantic rocky beauty of the west, has nevertheless some excellent beaches. Curracloe, just north of Wexford, stretches for some two unbroken miles, but has only one hotel (the Strand) on the spot. Between Wexford and Cork is a whole string of little seaside towns—Ballycotton, Ardmore, Dun- garven and Tramore. I thought

Tramore one of the most attractive, and it has 11 hotels of varying categories, the leading one being the Grand. The food is good, and most of the bedrooms look out over a really spanking beach. Inclusive weekly rates are £15 a week in July and August, and £14 in June and September, with a 25 per cent reduction for children—who are liked, expected, and catered for. Just inland is some good fishing.

The crossing could prove to be one of the highlights of the holiday. Or an alternative to the Dublin flight is to go by train to Fishguard, and cross overnight to Rosslare (the port for Wexford): total fare is £3 18s. 6d. return, plus about 25s. each way for the cabin.

The fare to Holland (£12 6s. return by boat and train, first class, and the same price on K.L.M.'s night flight) makes it a possible for a family holiday, especially bearing in mind the half-fare concession for children under 12. About 23

villages and small towns are strung along the sand dune coast from Den Helder, in the north, to Scheveningen, which is the appendix resort of The Hague. Scheveningen is large, almost on the Brighton scale, but with better beaches. It has an ocean front of hotels with outdoor terraces, plus the advantage of being only 15 minutes away from The Hague itself, with its night clubs, shops, restaurants, magnificent little art gallery and the fascinating toy town of Madurodam. Prices at the best hotels are around £2 a night for a double room with private bath, but *en pension* rates and special rates for children are available. In the small resorts prices are, of course, considerably less.

The Italians are proverbially fond of, and charming to, children. There are few other countries where you will get them so willingly (and reassuringly) taken off your hands for a day or an evening. Some of the best beaches in Italy, apart from the Adriatic resort of Rimini and those nearby, are on the Mediterranean coast of Tuscany, and—for the most part—hotel prices balance the expense of getting there (£31 11s. by Eagle Airways to Pisa, mid-week return). Marino di Grosseto has miles of safe, flat beaches with plenty of small hotels

and pensions. Just farther north, the prettier and more sophisticated resort of Castilloncello, backed by pine woods, offers rather more to adults.

If you are determined on a compromise between your amusement and your children's, Le Touquet is a strong contender. With Silver City's fare of £6 return, £3 for children, it is not expensive to reach. And some of the smaller hotels such as the Bristol, the White Star and the Centre are reasonable to stay in. Le Touquet is one of the few places with *organized* entertainment for children: a gymnasium and games are set up on the beach, in charge of a trained staff.

For adolescents broaching an independent holiday, the Club Méditerranée offers something that those too old, too creaky or too sybaritic to enjoy it may well envy—living in Polynesian-style straw huts, eating and dancing outdoors, and paying for what few extras there are with bead tokens. The Clubs are in Corsica, Sicily, Pakostane in Yugoslavia, Capri, Elba and Corfu, just off the Greek mainland. Price for two weeks in Corfu, for example, is £50, London back to London, including a night and dinner in Paris at either end of the journey, all food in camp, and such recreations as water skiing and





Beach scene at the Club Méditerranée, Elba

instruction. Children between the ages of 16 and 18. Further details from Travel Counsellors, 139 Kensington High Street.

Finally, K.L.M. operate a useful system for children who, for one reason or another, are forced to travel alone. For 25 per cent of the adult single fare, they will provide a stewardess whose sole and only concern is your child, and who will

also cope with special meals if necessary. Incidentally, Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport has a series of charming dormitories, complete with cuddly toys, for children travelling alone or with their parents, plus special washrooms—a boon to people who are delayed in transit, and a facility which other international airports would do well to adopt.



by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays  
W.B. = Wise to book

LONDON TODAY CAN HAVE A legitimate pride in the quality and variety of her restaurants. In 40 years of dining out I cannot recall a time at which there was so much competition and so many new restaurants being opened up. Among newcomers are the first two listed below.

**Belvedere Grill**, 41 Knightsbridge. (BEL 5758.) Small, made intimate by the unusually pleasant décor. The food shows careful selection by owner George Groutaris, lately of the "500." The specialties are Austrian and Greek: fully licensed. Open from 12-3 and 6-12 midnight, it is well positioned for farmers visiting Agriculture House, for shopping in Knightsbridge, and the Wellington treasures in Apsley House.

**Ebury Wine Bar**, corner of Ebury and Elizabeth Streets. New, pleasant and useful. A comfortable wine bar with a snack bar and tables behind it, specializing in Danish-type "open-face" sandwiches. There is a choice of 16, also

cold meat, soup, fruit salad and cheese. Wine by the bottle, carafe or glass. All prices reasonable.

**Waldorf Restaurant**, Aldwych. (TEM 2400.) Restaurant C.S. Grillroom open Sundays. The restaurant of the Waldorf Hotel was a favourite place for business lunches years ago. Today it is making a come-back under new direction, serving the sort of straight-forward food that goes well with a working day, including a Stilton on the cheese board. The service is swift and good. A bit too much blue smoke escapes from the working quarters into the restaurant, but that may be a growing pain.

**Le Rouge et le Noir**, Pelham Street, South Kensington. (KEN 0780.) C.S. Small, plainly but adequately furnished in black and red, it is very popular, and to go on chance in the evenings may lead to disappointment. The menu is limited but the cooking really good. Full marks for the *pâté* and *caneton à l'orange* and the special sweet omelette. There is a club licence for wines—or take your own. Open until 11.30 p.m. The guitar music is almost continuous, but restrained. W.B.

**Stay with M. Bonneau**

**Chatillon-sur-Seine** is about midway between Troyes and Dijon, but do not stop there at the Côte d'Or if you are in a hurry. It would be a wicked waste of money and fine food. The terrine and *coq au vin* are splendid, and M. Bonneau has other culinary delights to offer. You can stay the night in comfort, but book well ahead. Michelin awards it two rosettes.



## two's company . . .

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## Weddings

**William-Powlett—Bruce:** Sara, daughter of Capt. N. J. W. William-Powlett, R.N., & Mrs. William-Powlett, of Cadhay, Ottery St. Mary, married the Hon. David Bruce, son of the Earl & Countess of Elgin & Kincardine, at Ottery St. Mary Parish Church



**Johnston—Price:** Rosemary, only daughter of the late Mr. Cyril Johnston, and of Mrs. Johnston, of Parkside, S.W.1, married Mr. David Price, M.P., only son of Maj. V. M. Price, and the late Mrs. Price, of Winton Castle, East Lothian, at Brompton Oratory. *Standing:* Mr. Arthur Johnston, the bride's brother, who gave her away, Edmund de Trafford, Lucy Norman, the bride and groom. *Seated:* bridesmaids Miss Angela Fane, Miss Juliet Reynolds, Miss Amanda Legge and Miss Daphne Allison

**Noel—Rawlinson:** Penelope, daughter of Capt. G. J. B. Noel, R.N., and of Mrs. Noel, Olivers, Haslemere, Surrey, married Anthony, son of Sir Frederick Rawlinson, Bt., & Lady Rawlinson, Heydon Hall, Norfolk, at St. Bartholomew's Church, Haslemere, Surrey

**van den Branden de Reeth—May:** Baroness Catherine van den Branden de Reeth, daughter of Baron Jacques van den Branden de Reeth, & of Mrs. Neal, married David, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. O. May, at St. Teresa's, Princes Risborough





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8 JUNE 1960

THE TATLER &amp; BYSTANDER



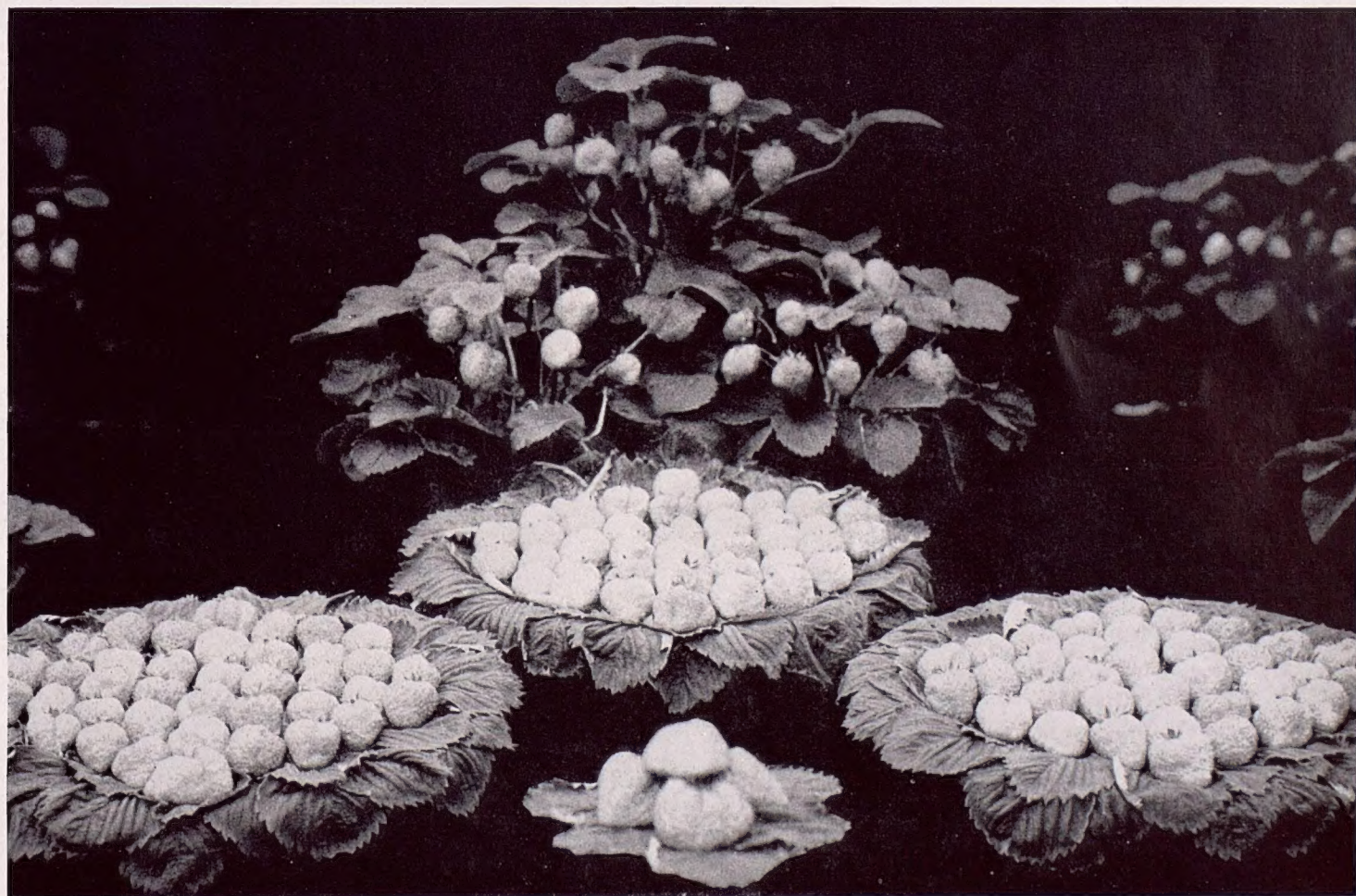
# CHELSEA:

brilliant blooms, royal  
patronage, and weather  
as from the hothouse

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEWIS MORLEY

*A display of plants is admired by Mr. & Mrs. Heath. Another visitor can hardly believe his glasses*

*Below: Early strawberries in an appetizing arrangement by Waterperry Horticultural School*







*Mr. & Mrs. A. H. Chee, here for the Orchid Conference, come from Hawaii*

*The Queen at the preview with her uncle, the Hon. Sir David Bowes Lyon*



*The Princess Royal, here accompanied by Sir Giles Loder, Bt., visited the show on Private View Day*

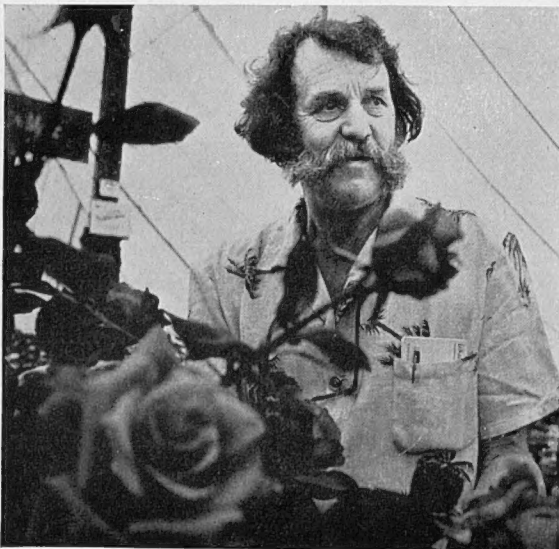


## THE CHELSEA ANNUAL : Muriel Bowen reports

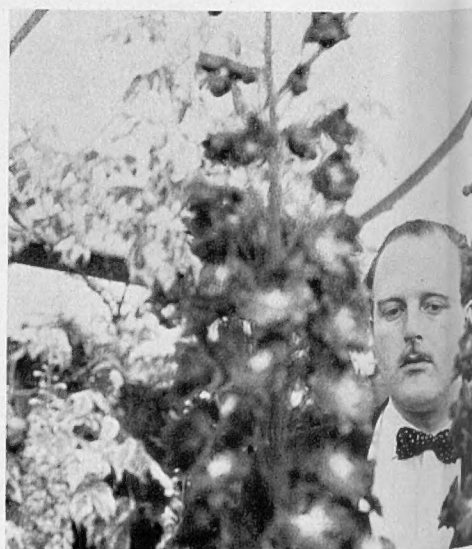
*Miss June Thorburn, the actress, helped to arrange one of the rose exhibits*



*Mr. Harry Wheatcroft, the rose specialist, won this year's Banksian medal with his display*



*Mr. John McCorquodale. His mother, Mrs. Donald McCorquodale, is a Fellow of the R.H.S.*







giant lilies attracted deep scrutiny

LED by the Queen, the Princess Royal, and Princess Alice, the gardeners of England swarmed through the Chelsea Flower Show's mammoth display of blooms and aids to gardening, all set out on the lawns of Wren's Royal Hospital.

Knowledgeable gardeners included Lord & Lady Aberconway, Sir Giles & Lady Loder, Lady Parker of Waddington, and Sir Frederick & Lady Stern. Sir Frederick digs deep with both his trowel and his pen. One of his books is called *A Study of Genera Galanthus & Leucojum*—it's mainly about snowdrops. Lord & Lady Digby were others I saw. Lord Digby had an orchid as bright as his smile—a splendid choice of boutonnière for the chairman of the Royal Horticultural Society's orchid committee.

My own idea of the ultimate in gardening is floating to and fro on a hammock slung between two sturdy oak trees. But there were

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Duchesse de Mortemart took some colour films. She is one of France's best-known amateur gardeners

PHOTOGRAPHS: C. C. FENNELL

The visitors, all members of the Société des Amateurs des Jardins, were in Ireland for a fortnight, seeing also famous gardens in Limerick, Wicklow, Dublin, Cork and Derry



Mme. de La Haye-Jousselin and Duchesse de Talleyrand



## THE BIRR CASTLE PERENNIALS:

The gardens of the Earl & Countess of Rosse were visited by eminent gardeners from France

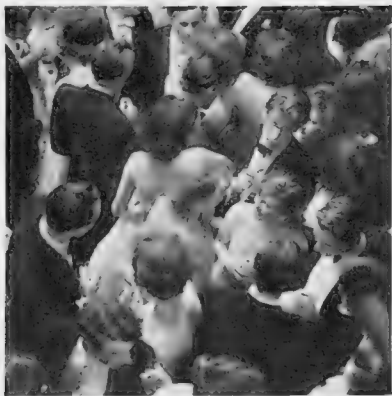


The Countess of Rosse (in dark coat) leads the party. She and the Earl are both prize-winning gardeners



Lord Oxmantown, the elder son of the Earl of Rosse





## A coming-out dance at Chiddingfold

Sir Aubrey & Lady Burke wait to receive their guests with their youngest daughter, Melanie, at the Chiddingfold home of Lady Burke's mother, the Hon. Lady Norman



The weather was warm enough to dance outside on a floor laid in the rose garden



Mr. Guy Smalwood and the Hon. Patricia Tryon, Lord Tryon's daughter

PHOTOGRAPHS:  
TOM HUSTLER



Miss Valerie Moss and Mr. James Baker having supper in the oak-beamed hall



Miss Susan Straker, from Corbridge, Northumberland, and Mr. Gavin Tait



Miss Melanie Lawson and Mr. John Dance at a squash bar in the garden



Mr. Michael Heycock, Miss Sara Callender and Miss Judith Stevens

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

lots of young people at Chelsea with more ambitious ideas. They were asking the experts how much of a garden they could hope to look after working an hour or two on Saturdays. "Its best to grow roses," advised a perspiring salesman. "Whatever ye do with the blighters you can't kill 'em!" But there was no pulling the wool across the eyes of the knowing ones, and the **Queen** (who had her own garden as a child) wasn't able to suppress a small smile of disbelief when told that a very formal little garden—roses, mown grass, crazy-paved walks and a fountain—would be "no bother at all" to maintain.

Incidentally, roses more than any other flower are the favourite of the Royal Family. And some of the newer varieties, accepted as small gifts, are just coming into bud at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and Harewood. **The Hon. Sir David Bowes Lyon**, the Queen Mother's brother, who is president of the Royal Horticultural Society, is a rose man. He grows them at his home, St. Paul's, Waldenbury.

## THE FLORAL LUNCHEON

Garden aids to replace unobtainable gardeners were a topic at the Floral Luncheon at the Savoy, at which the **Countess of Dunraven** presided. Guests talked animatedly about tool "caddies" on wheels, and flame guns which scorch weeds to death. **Gen. Sir Oliver Leese**, of desert fame, was there. Appropriately, he has raised an army of cactus plants at his Derbyshire home. A man's peace of mind, he thought, could not be disturbed if he spent some time working at his garden.

In the space of a single year the luncheon (a benefit for Lord Roberts' Workshops) has become a draw for gardeners and their friends. **The Countess of Middleton** was there, and so were Mrs. **John Dewar**, Mrs. **Herbert Agar**, Sir **Alfred Beit**, who lives in the loveliest private house in Ireland, Mrs. **Thelma Cazalet-Keir**, and Admiral the Hon. **Sir Cyril & Lady Douglas-Pennant**.



## BRIGGS by Graham



A floral lunch calls for floral hats, but there was rain beating down outside. Only Mrs. Christopher Soames, wife of the War Minister, was brave enough to turn up in one.

## SPEEDBOATS TO THE SAVOY

I went back to the Savoy again for the Ocean Wave Ball. This was a very jaunty, nautical affair. Three speedboats raced down the Thames bringing Mr. Donald Campbell and associates and friends, and guests representing the House of Lords and show business. But the other ball guests didn't see them arrive. They had to come early to change from oilskins to dinner jackets.

Earl & Countess Beatty, Mr. & Mrs. T. A. G. Pritchard, the Hon. John North, Mr. Miles Huntington-Whiteley, and the Hon. Kenneth & Mrs. Suenson-Taylor danced with sailor caps on their heads. The barroom, too, was dressed overall for the occasion, a benefit for the British Sailors' Society.

Getting money from them wasn't so easy, though. The Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry (very decorative in a white ribbon dress with gorgeous emerald necklace) tried and so did Mr. Jack Train. It took Mr. Terry-Thomas in the end. After a seafood dinner a tidal wave of guests headed for the Captain's Cabin, where Lord Strathearn was energetically conducting a game of housey-housey. They didn't seem to mind forking it out to him. . . .

Earlier, the under-doorman entered the ballroom, cap in hand, in pursuit of Lord Shawcross, dressed in a lounge suit. He retreated though when he saw his quarry greeted by Lady Shawcross, co-chairman of the ball with Mrs. Berry. Lord Shawcross (making a good recovery from his slipped disc) had been discussing the Monckton Commission report on the Central African Federation with Viscount Monckton of Brechley over dinner. He only dropped in on his way home to see how his wife's party was getting along, but he stayed to eat her strawberries and wound up with two of Lord Rupert Nevill's.



## CHARITY TALK

At her flat in Grosvenor Square Lady Rowlandson gave a luncheon for women who usually see each other opening bazaars, talking from platforms, or pulling raffle tickets at charity balls. Called Women in Public Life, the luncheon brought together about 40 women busy in charitable organizations and in politics. Mrs. Derek Walker-Smith, wife of the Minister of Health was there, and I met the Hon. Mrs. Seton Middleditch, Mrs. MacNamara Ryan, Lady Birdwood, Mme. Daeniker (wife of the Swiss Ambassador). The woman everybody seemed to surround and want to talk to was Miss Edith Pitt, M.P. Many of the guests were meeting for the first time but they soon discovered that they had plenty in common.

## TOO MANY LADIES

I went to Staffordshire to join racegoers for the Albrighton Woodland point-to-point races. It was held under a clouded sky, grey as an Ascot waistcoat. But competitors for the Ladies' Race weren't put off. It was so well filled that it had to be run off in two sections. Mrs. E. M. Bishop's Blue Hussar ridden by Miss M. P. Kerby won one section, and Mr. C. Wright's Solonace, piloted by Mrs. Burt, the other.

These ladies' races, run as they usually are at crackerjack pace, are a feature of point-to-points. Especially, I think, when the girls and their horses are immaculately turned out—which could certainly be said for Miss Anne Yardley and Miss Jane Lindop.

In the Members' Car Park I met Mr. Fred Marsh, at 79 one of the hunt's oldest regulars. "I didn't have such a good season last year," he told me. "I was short of horses, but I've just bought a new one so next year should be better."

Others there included Mr. Hubert Dawes, Capt. & Mrs. Peter Arkwright, Mr. & Mrs. John Shearer, Mr. & Mrs. Walter Marsh (she was just back from France and found Paris



just as crowded as London, which is saying something), Col. & Mrs. John Stockton, and Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Cope. Mr. Bob Pooler, for more than 30 years huntsman of the Albrighton Woodland, was being complimented on losing two stones. "Much worse than that—I've just lost two pounds!" was his retort.

There were numerous parties in the neighbourhood for the weekend. Mr. "Ted" Marsh (this part of the country is full of Marshes, and they're all related) had about 30 friends in for drinks before lunch at Dunsley Hall. Lady Anne Cowdray was there, and Mr. & Mrs. Duncan Hollingsworth, and Mr. & Mrs. John Waddington. Mrs. Waddington (the former Sheila Willcox) told me that she is having a short rest from competitive riding.

## TO SEE SIR ALEC

The Duchess of Gloucester went to a special performance of *Ross*, the new Terence Rattigan play about T. E. Lawrence, at the Haymarket Theatre. The performance brought in about £800 for the Family Welfare Association.

The Earl & Countess of Mansfield were down from Scone Palace. Their daughter-in-law, Viscountess Stormont, was chairman of the performance. Lord & Lady Stormont hope to move into their new home in Ormonde Gate (very convenient for their friends coming to next year's Chelsea Flower Show!) in November. "After months of trying we have at last found something we like reasonably," she told me.

But to get back to the performance. Lord & Lady James Crichton-Stuart were there and so were Mr. & Mrs. Robin Stormonth Darling, Col. & Mrs. Eric Penn, and Miss Jean Maxwell-Scott, the Duchess of Gloucester's attractive new lady-in-waiting. Sir Alec Guinness was presented to the Duchess during an interval. I thought his portrayal of Ross (Lawrence of Arabia) brought us into the heart and mind of the man who found glitter and gloom in the desert.



*Walter Butler, the Albrighton Woodland huntsman, brings in Tamborder and No Other Love (the winner) after the last race*



PHOTOS: DESMOND O'NEILL

*Right: Mr. N. Cope with his father Mr. A. C. Cope, here ringing for the Farmers' Race riders to mount*



*Miss A. Ratcliffe, who is fifteen, rode Tapestry King in the Ladies' Open Race. Right: In the paddock: Major M. J. Webb and Mr. Ted Marsh, the three-day event rider*

*Mr. J. B. Shearer and Mr. L. Rowe, joint-Masters of the Hunt*



*Lady Anne Cowdray and Mrs. John Waddington. Right: Mrs. J. B. Shearer presents the cup for the Members' Race to Mr. J. W. Hodgetts. Muriel Bowen reports the Albrighton races on page 547*

*The field of Division 2 of the Ladies' Open Race taking one of the fences*



*Mr. Malcolm Williams with Miss Ann Yardley, who came second in the Ladies' Open Race*



*Albrighton  
Woodland  
point-to-point*



## THE



## TOP HAT SCHEME

*An insurance policy for those about to embark on the social hazard of attending Royal Ascot for the first time. Special clauses by arrangement. No liability in the event of rain*



## HOW TO SOUND AS THOUGH YOU GO EVERY YEAR

"The hydrangeas are so much better this year" (they're always hydrangeas near the Royal Box) . . . "I used to like the Royal Enclosure when it was smaller" (it's twice as big as it used to be, and the Silver Ring and the Paddock have both been enlarged too). . . . "I wonder why they changed Ladies' Day to Thursday?" (it used to be Wednesday)

## NAMES TO KNOW

*The Duke of Norfolk is the Queen's representative at Royal Ascot. . . . Major-General Daxenay is the Clerk of the Course. . . . Lord Howard de Walden and Sir Humphrey de Trafford are both Members of the Jockey Club and successful owners. . . . Captain Boyd-Rochfort and Mr. Noel Murless train for the Queen, Alec Head for the Aga Khan. . . . And Mme. Volterra (of horse and hat fame) is "Suzy"*



## HOW TO GET PHOTOGRAPHED

Be there on the opening day (Tuesday) and Gold Cup day (Thursday). . . . Don't dodge the photographers in the car park or on the walk from the station, hoping to be snapped in the Paddock instead—there are no social photographers inside. . . . Don't bunch and don't hurry (give the photographer room and time to focus). . . . Get there early (photographers knock off to catch the evening paper editions). . . . Keep circling the car park if they miss you on the walk

## WHICH RACES TO WATCH

*On Tuesday, the Gold Vase and the Ascot Stakes. On Wednesday the Royal Hunt Cup. On Thursday, the Gold Cup. On Friday, the Wokingham Stakes . . . and unless it's actually the racing that you're going for, that's enough*



## WHICH HORSES TO BACK

Four times in the last 10 years the Gold Cup has been won by a French horse. Four times in the last 10 years the winner of the Ascot Stakes has finished at 100 to 7. Two of the five winning horses of the Royal Hunt Cup (one-mile version) have been trained by Captain Boyd-Rochfort. . . . Make what you like of it

## WHERE TO EAT

*Picnic hampers and bottles of champagne for consumption in the car park are a bit passé. Most people use the new restaurants—good, if expensive. Better still, of course, is a private luncheon room, but there's a waiting list. . . . Members of the Cavalry, the Carlton or White's eat in their tents—some members of White's stay to watch the racing on the telly*



## HOW TO HANDLE A BUSINESS PARTNER

When you break it to him that you're going to be away from the office, try saying you've got to go out of town on family business (well, haven't you?). When you run into him on the course, have something ready like "In good form aren't they?" He'll be feeling just as uncomfortable as you are, anyway, and he can be put paid to altogether by inviting him to join your party

## HOW TO GET INTO THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE

*Wait till next year. The closing date for applications this year was 23 April. Watch The Times round about March next year and when a notice appears apply to the Queen's representative. The nearest anyone can get this year is behind a pair of binoculars in the private boxes. Visit a friend there and watch the elect*



## WHAT TO WEAR

The formal form is: silk dresses and suits on Tuesday, garden or cocktail dresses on Wednesday and Thursday, and simpler racing wear on Friday. But the form has been slipping, and many women now wear a Friday dress all through the meeting—just making a splash with hats. . . . Never forget a suitcase with flat shoes and mackintoshes, or an umbrella





Left: In full traditional paraphernalia, a dancer takes part in Kanshu, a dance of love. With others it has been performed at the court for centuries

Opposite: These magnificent costumes are worn for Bairo, a war dance of Indian origin dating back to the seventh century B.C.



A complicated horseback game, dakyu has a goal consisting of this small hole in a wood, through which a tennis-size white ball must be propelled

*The annual garden party of the Emperor of Japan follows a pattern prescribed by court tradition. The guests, 2,500 strong, watch the ancient game of dakyu. Then follows a series of classical Japanese dances, the bugaku. Held in the park of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, the pageantry is so colourful that Western diplomats find it a unique experience when*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ALMASY

## *The Mikado*

The guests always see the same programme, but they seem to like it







*entertains*



Bows for the Emperor Hirohito as he arrives with members of his family. He had postponed the event, as a typhoon destroyed the town of Nogaya

Left: Crown Prince Akihito and his wife, Crown Princess Michiko, were there



LORD KILBRACKEN:

## Fugitive from the Fourth

I MISSED the Fourth of June again last week. I've missed it every year now for 20 years. But I still consider it the gayest and greatest of all Eton's gala days. Lord's, in its London setting, is relatively formal and detached; the Winchester match is as exclusively for dry-bobs as Henley is for wet-bobs; St. Andrew's Day has its muddy winter heroism, but none of the June glory. The Fourth combines everything: cricket on Upper Club and sisters in pretty frocks (which may take some living down); strawberry messes and mothers in Dior dresses; sunshine (maybe) on the Thames under the Castle; fireworks on Fellows' Eyot and the floodlit procession of boats; and the whole day a holiday, punctuated with many ice-creams, and populated with Old Etonians of all generations.

The last time I was there for it was, perhaps, one of the strangest Fourths ever. It coincided with Dunkirk, and England—though nobody realized it or believed it—was tottering on the brink of extinction. It was my first summer after leaving Eton, and I'd driven over from Oxford—I was to join the Navy the next month—in an antediluvian Ford which I'd bought for a fiver (and which later fell to pieces). Everything at Eton was precisely as it had always been, except that some of those who would have been on Agar's or Fellows' Eyot were dying in Calais. We hardly knew this, and there was no feeling at all of incongruity or unreality.

The cricket matches, and the processions, the strawberries, and the top hats, and the pretty dresses were all there as usual while the British Expeditionary Force was being torn apart on the beaches. I remember, indeed, resenting an overheard conversation which struck a discordant note by mentioning the war: "*News doesn't seem so good, old boy, this morning.*" Everyone, myself included, was far more interested in the cricket. Perhaps it was this very sang-froid,

this total unwillingness, amounting to inability, to admit even the possibility of defeat, that kept England going till D-Day.

I had been *in statu pupillari* for the six previous Fourths. I spent the first four as a dry-bob and the last two as a wet-bob, which gave me, by 1939, an unusually complete knowledge of the day's activities. (It isn't often that a boy changes from cricket to rowing, or vice versa, but in the middle of my fourth summer half I found the increased freedom of the wet-bob's life finally irresistible. My tutor decided I just wanted to be a slack-bob, so I paddled around on my own, in whiffs and riggers, till I forced him to acknowledge the facts by getting my Upper Boats without getting my Lower Boats. The year after, when I rowed 5 in the Eight, he had to admit I was serious about it.)

The Fourth really begins with the arrival of one's "people"—to revert to the schoolboy phrase. I would await them at the Burning Bush in the unaccustomed glory of my coloured waistcoat and button-hole, allowed only if you were in Pop on all other days of the year. I would be hoping against hope (though I really had no cause to be apprehensive) that their appearance, sartorially, would bring no cause for shame. Reassured by finding that my mother's hat, though perfectly ridiculous, was certainly less absurd than Lady X's or Mrs. Y's, I would conduct them to Upper Club for a look round, and thence to a slap-up lunch at the Cockpit—memories of Mrs. Rigden!—where the long-reserved table would be waiting.

The first half of the day is the dry-bob's, the second half the wet-bob's. On Upper Club, Sixpenny, Agar's Plough, Dutchman's, a hundred games of cricket are in progress (or so it seems) and there is something, or someone, to be seen in all of them. But the day is principally occupied, for my "people," in a meeting every few yards with

friends of the last century and, for me, with strawberry messes and iced coffees almost as frequently.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, the centre of gravity begins to shift, imperceptibly, from the fields to the river as the wet-bobs take over. By "Absence," those who are "in the boats" are already rigged out in their splendid fancy dress, looking like sailors and admirals from *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Their people—sisters and cousins and aunts—agree unanimously that they all (especially the coxes) look perfectly sweet.

The banks of the Brocas are lined for the daylight procession, and the boys taking part disappear downstream for nameless orgies below Romney (or so it was always, erroneously, supposed).

The fireworks after dinner, and the floodlit procession of boats which precede them, are always the day's climax. The setting is unsurpassed, the fireworks are spectacular, and there's the perennial hope, not infrequently realized, that one (or more) of the oarsmen will fall in. It isn't easy to stand up, *with your oar*, in a racing eight, even if it's clinker-built, and especially if you've just had a pint or two of beer, as you probably have. (There was the famous occasion, in 1938, when — fell in *twice*, once on each side of his boat.)

It's been a long, long day, but always a memorable one, when the last of the rockets falls into the Thames, and the set-piece is reflected in it, and the parents move off across the darkened eyot to their waiting Rollsies. For years I've been meaning to go back—quietly, anonymously—to make sure, as it were, that it's still going on. I've never found the chance. Last week, it was the same (though for a new reason): I was in England, but had a prior engagement. After all, Saturday, not only at Eton, is a day for taking one's son out. And that's just what I did. I spent the Fourth of June at . . . *Rugby*.





YOU NEED HANDS....







*To style, to mould, to create from sometimes unpromising material something that did not exist before and to supply a need whether aesthetic or, as above, utilitarian. The girl in the picture is a skilled stylist at Adele Rootstein's, in Knightsbridge, where every type of wig is made. Hands (opposite) are those of Brian Hubbard, manager of the Chelsea Pottery. He studied ceramics and pottery in India and the pieces he holds are segments of a 40 ft. by 12 ft. ceramic relief for the New Bank of Iraq in Bagdad*



*. . . to style, to mould, to delight, to deceive, to heal*

*To delight, to entertain, to mime to an audience a man in love, in distress or dancing a flamenco. Joe Melia (bat shadow below) did it with shattering success a few years back as an undergraduate member of the Cambridge Footlights Revue —will probably do it again as a professional in Here Is The News due in London soon. Hands (right) are meant to deceive. They belong to magician Tommy Cooper doing a trick that's bound to flop. When it does, he'll laugh, and you won't be sure, did he mean it that way?*



*To heal, to soothe, to put things right, to take away things that are wrong. Hands (opposite) are anonymous under the stringent rules that govern the British medical world. They belong to a distinguished woman physiotherapist practising in Harley Street and to a hospital surgeon, whose hands hardly conform to the popular belief that a healer's hands are always long and poetically slender. In fact, say seniors of the Royal College, power of hand and physical stamina are among the high requisites of a surgeon. And as for physiotherapy and the allied skill of the masseuse, there's no doubt that a little muscular effort helps when persuading that too, too solid flesh to melt*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON JARVIS









## ... to play, to pluck, or, finally

To play a piano, to pluck a harp or a heartstring. For in sweet music lies such art that a chord can sway a thousand classicists or start the joint jumping. Hands (above) can play it sweet or hot. They belong to Liberace. Hands (right) are those of Marie Goossens, harpist member of the distinguished musical family and a professor at the Royal College of Music. Hands (below) are light-fingered and acquisitive. No names here but the profession still thrives. In the absence of documentation by a latter-day Mayhew it's impossible to say whether dips still file their finger tips to increase sensitivity

## ... to dip a sky

\*Dip a sky (rocket) = pick a pocket







*How to spend*  
**A WASHING MACHINE**  
*at the*  
**ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR**

BY ALBERT ADAIR

Most people who go to the show that opens at Grosvenor House today go to look—which is not so surprising when the value of the exhibits totals about £4,000,000.

But the price of a kitchen labour-saver or a big TV (say £100) can turn any visitor into a respectable buyer.

These examples demonstrate. . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

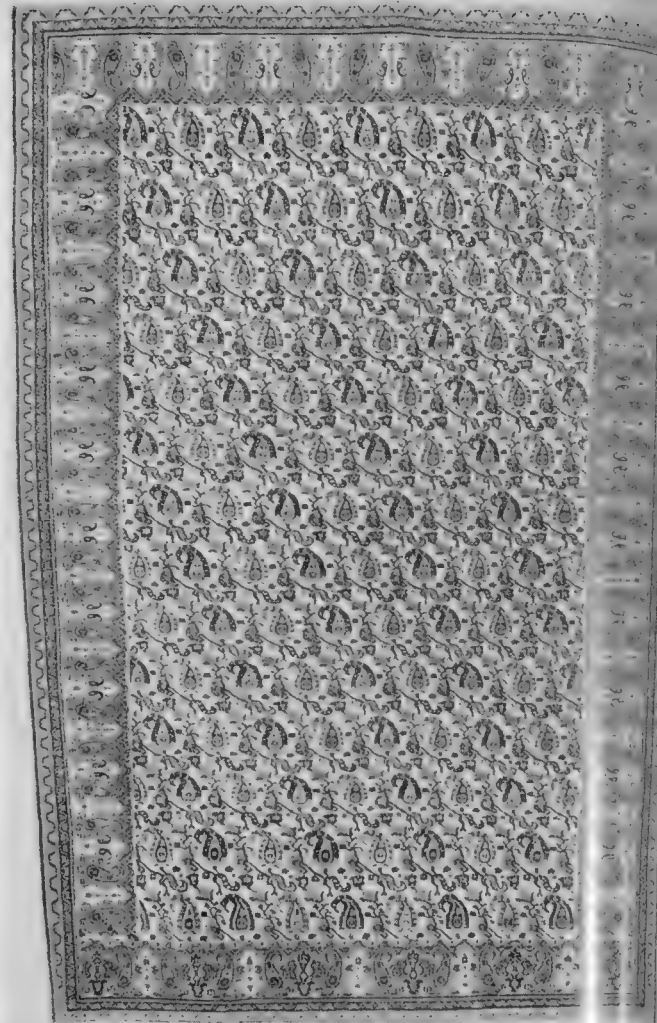
*Make a start: a late eighteenth-century mahogany and satinwood armchair shown by Denys Wrey, Ltd., on Stand 58. It costs £98*



HOW TO SPEND A WASHING MACHINE *continued*

You could spend all your washing machine without going past the first stand at Grosvenor House. The Ch'ien Lung jade (*below*) was carved in the period 1736-1795. The VASE costs £45, the round JADE PANEL £100 and the JADE KORO £55. These three pieces are shown by Spink & Son Ltd., on

Stand 1. And there wouldn't be much change left either from the KHORASSAN RUG (*opposite*) from Eastern Persia, with its stylized all-over design of fir cones on an ivory background. Dimensions are 6 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. 1 in. and the price is £90. Shown by the Vigo Art Galleries on Stand 59



## LOOKING FOR MANNERS



BY KEVIN D'ARCY

The diary of a day in the life of  
a complete connoisseur. It could be  
called: How antique can you get?

I AWOKE this morning with an intrinsically rococo sense of being, feeling well, yet not so well, feeling, as one might say, presage of an ill omen. The experience is a common one with and is invariably correct. Momentarily, I feared that the date might be inauspicious, but a speedy glance at the almanac beside my sufficed to dispel my fear. It was the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixty, but not the thirteenth day of the month.

Loath to arise, I gazed slowly at the surrounding room, wondered whether the Chinese Chippendale fourposter bed, in which I reclined, still held quite so much fascination for me as once it had. It was not a common ambition, I fully realized, to seek one's repose within a mock Chinese pagoda. And the purely Chippendale partition desk, so fittingly occupying the far corner of my bedroom—there many collectors of antiquities who would place such an object in the room wherein they slept, or who would own it, even, with a partner with whom to share it? Perhaps not. Indeed, certainly not! That was the advantage of being a truly original collector.

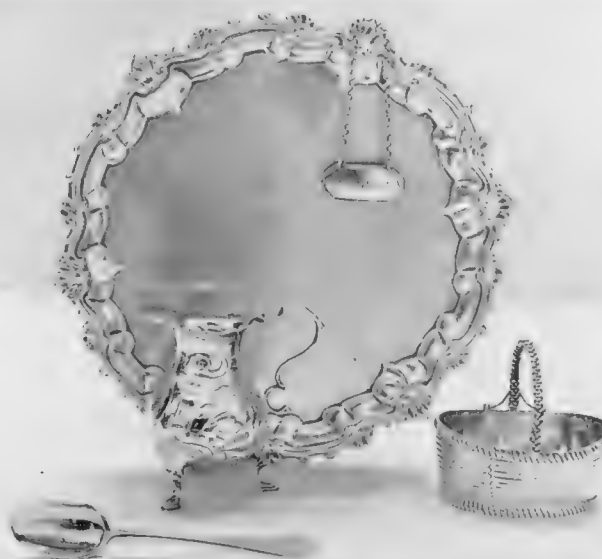
I rang for Manners and ordered some breakfast in the Tourist Hotel, pieces in which I have some considerable pride and which thereby afford a suitable degree of encouragement for a sad evening's morning. I did notice, however, on turning over one of the pieces that the usual Hague factory decoration mark did not appear to be overglazed. Perhaps this was the unhappy occurrence for which I had waited. I left my breakfast unconsumed and instructed Manners to dispose of the offending article as soon as he might. A most discouraging commencement to the day.

The atmosphere was certainly not enhanced by Manners, a wretched man, making another of his all-too-frequent complaints about the supposedly insufficient lighting. He will continue to insist, with absolutely no cause which I can determine, that



cheaper by comparison is the glass (below). The IRISH SALT is one of a pair at £19; the CORDIAL GLASS costs £16; DECANTER from the Cork Glass Co. is one of a pair costing £48; the MUSTARD POT and cover cost £8. From Delomosne & Son Ltd. on Stand 15. OIL (right) by George Morland costs £95. Shown by Sabin

Galleries on Stand 47. Antique silver includes (below, right) a TEASPOON (1750) from a set of six costing £9; CREAM JUG (1744), £25; SCOTTISH SALVER (1750), £50; WINE LABEL (1804), 35s., and Scottish BASKET SALT (1810), one of a pair costing £30. Shown by How (of Edinburgh Ltd) on Stand 65



traditional and charming candles which we use throughout the house are inadequate, in some way, for his own obviously weak vision. I have seldom encountered a person who can persist, with such intimate bravura, in presenting the same weak excuse for every domestic misfortune, in pretending that every broken Sèvres and fractured Derby is the result of not subscribing to the finances of the local electricity concern.



If this were truly the case, as I constantly remind him, the original owners of whatever porcelain that I own today would have left no trace of their possessions at all. Having already been displeased by the discovery of the bad Tournai, I put this to

Manners most forcefully and continued my harangue by remarking, perhaps over harshly, that I hoped to see him no more for the remainder of the day.

Having dressed and then descended to the French morning room, I opened the morning's post. It was a perfect galaxy of pleading epistles. I am singularly fortunate in possessing a large and varied collection of incunabula, a fact well and widely known among collecting circles. And, as my dear friend, Bartholomew, declares, there literally seems to be no end to the possessive greed with which dealers, knockers and runners will plague me with requests to part with the choicest of my items. Had they possessed anything comparable with which to barter, I might have shown some interest, but I am not at all prepared to part with such irreplaceable possessions for the mere sake of lucre. In a fit of passion, I screwed up every

letter and projected each to a different corner of the room; one at a *bergère*, one at an *étagère*, one at a *guéridon*, one at a *torchère*, one at the *vitrine*, one at the *cartonnière*, one at the *canapé*, and then, standing by the *console* and taking careful aim, one into each open drawer of the *bonheur du jour*. With an empirical sense of victory, I swung round and aggressively surveyed the grotesque faces portrayed upon my Jean Barain tapestry from the *Manufacture Royale des Meubles de la Couronne*. And that, I said, was that.

The remainder of the morning passed somewhat slowly, and I devoted the greater part of it to inspecting my collection of clocks. It has long been a source of personal sorrow that I do not own a sufficient number of rooms in which to properly distribute and display my complete horological collection. The problem is not one which troubles me with other articles of furniture, or even with watches. Indeed, it is by no means an unusual habit of mine to carry two or three watches in each pocket of my breeches, my waistcoat and, of course, my coat, in order to ascertain, with a tolerable degree of accuracy, whether it be ante or post meridian. But my larger timepieces, being mostly lantern, bracket and long case clocks of the 17th century's last quarter, would seem to me to deserve a better display.

It was at luncheon time, I believe, that I first noticed the absence of Manners. I was none

CONTINUED OVERLEAF







Everything at the Fair is vetted by a committee of experts to make sure it's authentic and dates prior to 1830. The china (*left*) was made in the second half of the 18th century. The CHELSEA RED LEAF DISH costs £70, the BILSTON SNUFF BOX in the form of a lady's shoe, £65 and the small DERBY BEAKER, £24. Shown by A. J. Filkins on Stand 60. Jewellery can be in the four-figure bracket, but there are plenty of less expensive pieces like these on the right. The Georgian VINAIGRETTE, inlaid with agate panels, is mounted in gold with a quartz top; price £100. The *quatre couleur* gold NEEDLE CASE is French 18th century and costs £40. The Georgian three-row GOLD BRACELET mounted with turquoise and rubies on a *sable d'or* background costs £90. The Georgian flat GARNET BRACELET mounted in gold costs £70. The carved gold SPY GLASS mounted with turquoise, £40, and the circular Georgian gold PENDANT SET with amethysts and turquoise, £85. All shown by Wartski on Stand 29



HOW TO SPEND A WASHING MACHINE *continued*

LOOKING FOR MANNERS *continued*

too sure of the exact time of day, but the sunlight was obliquely shedding its rays through the staircase windows, and was gradually beginning to cover the *personnage* which I display with the Swan service upon the Louis Quinze *commode*. By this sign I knew that luncheon was due.

Luncheon, however, did not arrive. The gong (T'ang dynasty) sounded not one note. I was annoyed once more. This, as my excellent friend, Bartholomew, would have said, is too *trompe l'oeil* to be true. My perturbation was not at the lateness of the hour for the commencement of the midday meal, but at my disappointment in failing to hear the T'ang gong sound at the expected time. My body is not such as will unduly suffer at lack of nutriment, but I do experience strong annoyance at inexcusable disturbances in sensible household management. I determined to seek out Manners and severely admonish him.

The servants' quarters were singularly quiet, probably because I could determine the presence of no other being than Manners's slothful and unintelligent cat, which was taking unwarrantable liberties with the upholstery of a Hepplewhite chair, and which I immediately banished from the servants' dining-room to the scullery. But Manners still appeared to be absent.

From there I progressed to the ivory room, a small apartment close to the servants' wing, in which I display the best of my European and Oriental ivory work, together with a fairly comprehensive collection of jade. I paused to contemplate some fine works by Balthasar Permoser and Simon Troger, a few dozen choice Netsuke, and the enviably wide selection of jade, of which I often and unashamedly boast, from the dynasties of Chou, Han, Ming and Ching. Still no Manners.

Suddenly, passing by the armoury, I apprehended a strange and cacophonous clanging. There was no doubt as to its source. Down the centre of the room, pursuing an irregular course across my best and most precious Chinese carpet, was a perambulating suit of Greenwich armour. I must admit to a certain degree of confusion on first witnessing the sight; indeed, I do partly remember groping for a Spanish cup hilt rapier.

However, my later reaction, on discovering the presence of Manners within the suit, was to commence delivering a lecture to the effect that Greenwich armour was meant to be seen and not used, but delayed the address on witnessing the obvious discomfiture of the wretched man. I was determined, however, not to allow my human sympathy to better my sense of order. I insisted upon hearing the whole explanation after his release and when we had restored the Greenwich suit to its proper place.

It appeared as well as I could determine from Manners' distraught protestations that one day in the past, during a visit to my household by Bartholomew, whom I had once considered to be one of my closest friends, Manners had been foolish enough to confide his occasional distress at my purported displays of annoyance. Bartholomew, it appeared, had subsequently recommended him, should I ever again express a wish not to see him, to take temporary refuge within armour. Unfortunately, Manners, in his ignorance, had underestimated its weight and solidarity.

The whole escapade was far too stupid to recall, but I do so for the sake of reminding myself that Bartholomew is not quite so solid a friend as first I had thought. In fact, I am just beginning to deliberate upon the exact source of that mock Tournai. But a diary is no fit place to express doubts of this contemporary nature. Even as Lamb has declared: "Damn the age; I will write for antiquity."





THE



HARD



WAY



UP



PHOTOGRAPHS: ROGER HILL

**I**N VARIOUS ATTITUDES OF ASCENT in these pictures are a girl from Hardy Amies', a leading London solicitor, and an executive from a City desk. They are all victims of the climbing cult of rock-climbing. The particular rocks on which they are asking for trouble are Harrison's Rocks, near Eridge, Sussex, but you can find similar dicing with death at weekends almost anywhere in Britain where the way up is hard enough. At Harrison's Rocks the idea of the climbing is to train for even more hazardous exploits elsewhere—what enthusiasts describe as "a good holiday in the mountains." Anyone can go and train, as the British Mountaineering Council have lately acquired the rocks, with the Central Council of Physical Recreation. The 130-odd routes to the top attract up to 400 climbers every weekend. CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The technique of rock-climbing differs from the mountaineering method (snow and ice and full equipment). It's cling-and-clamber. The nonchalant negotiates large, smooth surfaces by almost glueing his body to the rock's surface. A skilled rock-climber is particularly content when climbing cracks too small for a hand or foot to enter. Or climbing "chimneys"—cracks large enough to wedge your body in. Or *couloirs*, where the body cannot reach from one wall to the other. It is an exciting sport, and even the spectator can count on palpitations as a climber progresses up a sheer cliff with no visible means of attachment.

At Harrison's Rocks they don't even wear spiked boots. The rule is rubber soles only, as the rock is sandstone, soft but hardened a little on the surface by the weather. You're more likely to wear yourself out than the rock, though, particularly as there is a half hour's walk from Groombridge Station. So you'll need to know that catering facilities are "independent," which means you take your own sandwiches. No camping, no fires, and clear up your own rubbish. There are easy climbs (sprained ankles only) and hard ones (got your crutches?)—and of course there are plenty of people to give you a leg up. There are even those who say it isn't dangerous at all if you go about it the right way, and if you want to listen to that sort of talk you'd better write to the C.C.P.R. at 6 Bedford Square, W.C.1. For 5s. a day they'll fix you up with a course on outcrop climbing. Start now, and you may be in time to help Hillary find the Abominable Snowman. . . .



## THE HARD WAY UP

*concluded*





# COUNTER SPY

*up the garden path*

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM: PRISCILLA CONRAN

The experts have been at it again, making life easier for the amateurs. Here are some of the newer garden tools now available. The FERTILIZER DISTRIBUTOR by Fisons is designed for their EVERGREEN FERTILIZER, but can be used for both their Lawn Fertilizer and their Autumn Turf Dressing. Two-wheeled and with a long handle, the metal carriage will hold 8 lb. of fertilizer to treat 64 sq. yards of lawn. Price 59s. 6d.; packet of Evergreen fertilizer costs from 3s. 11d. upwards. Both from gardening stores and departments. The metal SOIL FERTILIZER is electrically run (1½ V.), easy to use and apart from sterilizing soil for pots and seed-boxes can be used as a glasshouse heater. The container will hold 1 bushel of soil which takes 1½ hours to sterilize. Made by the Simplex Dairy Equipment Company, price £20 5s. from leading agricultural suppliers and ironmongers. "GREEN-SLEEPERS" GARDEN SHEARS have a lever action for easy work on long grass, shrubs and hedgetops. Price 34s. 6d. from Derry & Toms. Fisons AEROSOL WEED-KILLER contains two powerful selective weed-killers, price 5s. The HEDGE-SETTER should be used immediately after clipping by spraying with a syringe. This will check growth and keep the hedge in order for three months. Prices: 5s. for a 4 oz. bottle, 9s. 6d. for an 8 oz. bottle. By Fisons, from gardening stores and departments. The LAWN AERATOR on rollers is effective and easy to push. Price £4 15s., from Harrods. The LAWN TRIMMER is designed especially for light mowing of small lawns or for places difficult to get to with the motor mower. Made by Webbs, price: £7 19s. 7d. from the Army & Navy Stores. A LAWN ROLLER with a difference—the shell is hollow and can be filled with either sand or water to any weight required. In several sizes from £3 7s. 11d. to £6 19s. 3d. at Harrods. Tarpens LITTLE GIANT ELECTRIC SAW is for tree pruning. It can be used single-handed and cuts 4-inch branches with ease, price £22. You can have a hedge-cutter attachment. From leading ironmongers. The BAY TREE from Harrods.





# TENNIS



*Short, full-skirted tunic dresses are in the championship class this year and the flutter of a tiny embroidered petticoat scores an immediate advantage point. Michel Molinare photographed this Wimbledon-eve selection made from crisp cottons and easy-to-wash synthetic fibres*

*what to wear to wow them*

Terylene finds a sure place in the sun with this tailored tennis dress which has an insert of pleating in the square neck. A narrow hem of permanent pleating trims the flared skirt and the dress is worn with a buckled self belt. The summer setting here and on the following pages is the 1½ acre garden on the roof of Derry & Toms in Kensington first opened to the public 21 years ago. You can buy the dress at the same store, price: 5½ gns. The tennis shoes are by Dunlop

This fitted dress of white piqué has a white velvet ribbon slotted through the V-shaped neckline. A Swiss embroidered petticoat is worn under the flared skirt. Both are at Derry & Toms, prices: the dress 5½ gns., the petticoat £2 19s. 6d. Racket and shoes by Dunlop. Gate in the background is of Italian wrought iron. Artesian wells, 400 ft. deep, supply the fountains and water for flowers and shrubs. The gardens are open daily at a 1s. fee for charity funds







Knitted shirt top in a French synthetic fibre that washes as easily as a handkerchief. Teamed with it is a heavy knit turquoise cardigan edged with white. Both from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Prices: the shirt, £4 15s. 6d., the cardigan, 12½ gns. The tennis shoes are by Dunlop

Business-like dress (*opposite*) in embossed cotton with wide reversed collar, flared skirt, is worn with a cotton petticoat. From Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3. Prices: dress, £3 15s., petticoat, £1 7s. 6d., tennis shoes, £1 13s. 6d. The Spanish Garden provides a background

TENNIS: *What to wear to wow them* CONTINUED





TENNIS: *What to wear to wear them* CONTINUED

The setting is cool, so is the tennis girl in her brief corded cotton French shorts worn with a knitted cotton sleeveless top. The complete outfit comes from Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3, prices: shorts £2 7s. 6d., top 12s. 6d., Dunlop tennis shoes £1 13s. 6d. The woodland garden is authentic though it is perched 100 ft. above Kensington on the roof of Derry & Toms. Golden carp, tench and rudd swim in the stream shaded by oaks, elms and walnut trees. There are fig trees, as well, and vines that flourish and fruit



Pergola in the Spanish Garden frames two favourite tennis styles. The pleated Terylene dress on the left is gaily trimmed around the hem with lilac gros-grain and a Swiss lilac embroidered petticoat is worn under the skirt. Sharp contrast is provided by the boyish cotton shorts and its companion sweater with a navy collar. The dress and petticoat come from Simpson's, Piccadilly, prices: £9 19s. 6d. and 3 gns. respectively. From Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, prices: the shorts £1 15s., the sweater: £4 19s. 6d.





# TENNIS : *What to wear to wear them* CONCLUDED

Break for tea and cool drinks gives a chance to study detail. The dress (*left*) in cotton satin shantung has a deep collared neckline sweeping into revers reaching to the waist. The low V is filled in with a white dickie, and the wide flared skirt is box pleated. The navy striped white woven cotton blazer has brass buttons. Both from Dickins &

Jones, W.1. Price: the dress: £5 2s. 6d., the blazer, £5 12s. 6d. The second dress, permanently pleated, is made in a Terylene and cotton mixture cloth, is double breasted and has a wide collar. Worn under the skirt is a brief broderie anglaise petticoat. Both from Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3. Prices: the dress, 11 gns., the petticoat, £1 7s. 6d.



Priscilla Conran

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

## Sunmanship

**T**HERE are only two sorts of people under the sun: those who shun it and those who soak it.

The sun-shunners (there's a shining example above) know how to keep a cool head in a heatwave with a minimum of lightweight make-up and a protective sun-screening lotion. They shade under big hats and look stunning with skins ranging

from alabaster to palest gold—depending on the strength of their campaign. Often they start the day with *Frescabel* by Lancôme, which cools, tones, freshens and is ideal for sensitive English skins. They take the mid-day sun in small, mild doses, protecting their skin with a wide range of scientific preparations. New under the sun for them this summer is Revlon's *Sun Bath* for sensitive skin—redheads and pale skins can bask with the aid of this protective lotion which screens all but the gentlest rays. Very touchy skins enlist the aid of two creams made by the Innoxia scientific firm Keredex. These special *Sun-Deflectant Creams* come in two kinds—one soluble in water, the other designed for swimming. Both cost 4s. 1d. a tube to order through Innoxia stockists. Guerlain's *Sun Cream* and the Swiss *Swistan Cream* are both double-faced—one facet is their powerful filtering power, the other is their use as a smooth basis for make-up. The palest beauty on the beach has probably used Elizabeth Arden's *Protecta Cream* which checks tanning. Sun-trick for a thin, sensitive skin is to put Arden's *Sunpruf Cream* on first, wait a few moments, then apply the *Protecta Cream* on top.

The sun-soakers lie on sunny beaches saturated with lotions designed to capture the rays that gild a summer skin. New under the sun for them are two permutations on the oil that's worn like a uniform on the Riviera: *Ambre Solaire*. This year it comes in an Oil Aerosol for easy spraying or in a new recipe—Mousse Aerosol which protects the most fragile skins against burning. New sun-guard from Charles of the Ritz is *Deep Tone Sun-Bronze* in a bronzy tube. It's a tinted lotion which creams on the skin and contains *Revenescence* for a smooth finish. Dorothy Gray's new formula is called *Sun tan* lotion—it screens and protects, costs 9s. 6d. for a bronze-coloured bottle. Damaskin's *Quick Tan* is a pleasantly moistening lotion which is immediately absorbed, reliably proof against burning: 6s. 8d. for a long-lasting container.



# VERDICTS



*The play* **Ned Kelly.** Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. (Harry H. Corbett, Sean Lynch, Maurice Good, Robert Henderson, Avis Bunnage.)

*The films* **The Trials Of Oscar Wilde.** Director Ken Hughes. (Peter Finch, Yvonne Mitchell, James Mason, Nigel Patrick, John Fraser.)

**Sergei Eisenstein.** A film biography with excerpts from his works. Everyman, Hampstead.

**The Chaplin Revue.** Director Charles Chaplin. (Charles Chaplin, Edna Purviance.)

**Black Orpheus.** Director Marcel Camus. (Breno Mello, Marpessa Dawn, Lourdes de Oliveira, Lea Garcia.)

*The books* **The Buried Day,** by C. Day Lewis (Chatto & Windus, 25s.).  
**Dancing For Diaghilev,** by Lydia Sokolova (John Murray, 25s.).

**Charles II,** by Hesketh Pearson (Heinemann, 21s.).

*The records* **Al's Pals,** by Al Fairweather.

**Music Of The Mauve Decade,** by Alex Welsh.

**A Brass Band Swinging,** by Laurie Johnson.

**The Couriers Of Jazz,** by Ronnie Scott & Tubby Hayes.

**Tubby's Groove,** by Tubby Hayes.

**New Horizons,** by Tommy Whittle.

*The gallery* **Exhibition Of Sculpture In The Open Air,** Battersea Park



## This workshop needs tidying

MISS JOAN LITTLEWOOD'S MOST successful Theatre Workshop productions have always had a smack of careless improvisation. She presumably has toiled after this attractive quality "as some men toil after virtue," and it is through a deal of nice and probably painful calculation on her part that *A Taste Of Honey*, *The Hostage*, *Make Me An Offer* and *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be* have leapt

out of her little theatre in Stratford East to make a splendid splash in the West End. Her latest venture suggests rather ominously that she is in some danger of falling into the delusive belief that theatrical spontaneity is a quality that falls like the gentle dew of Heaven on any production that puts a potentially good story on to the stage and leaves it to grow naturally out of the reaction of resourceful actors to character and circumstance.

Anyway, that is what Miss Littlewood seems to have done with Mr. John Clancy's *Ned Kelly*, a play about the Robin Hood of 19th-century Australian bush-rangers. This fellow was the son of a transported Belfast convict. He ran into trouble early in life for horse stealing. When the police came to arrest his brother on a similar charge they escaped to the bush, formed the "Kelly gang" and for the next two years were the terror of the countryside, holding up trains and raiding banks and shooting those who tried to betray them. When Ned was caught and hanged he died well, remarking "This is life."

This desperado somehow caught the public imagination as The Wild Colonial Boy. He was held to have been driven into outlawry by the

wrongful imprisonment of his mother. When he robbed a bank his cheerful bush disposition prompted him to distribute among the local townspeople whatever mortgages were against their account. Even during his brief lifetime he was the hero of a popular melodrama. His Robin Hood legend has persisted, and recently Mr. Douglas Stewart has made him the subject of a verse

play rather in the style of Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset*.

Mr. Clancy's play may also have seized the obvious opportunities for exciting action and for a study of a man who, at the mercy of his demon, brought destruction on himself and others. Whether it does so or not is hard to make out through the curious vagaries of Miss Littlewood's production.

She has decided, for some reason



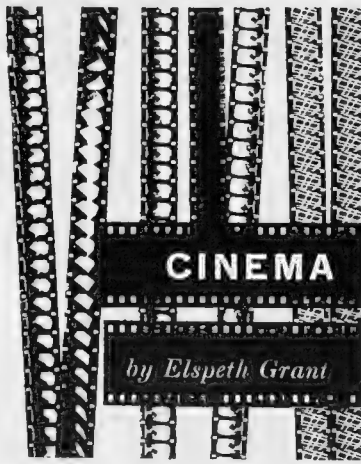
Jeff Vickers

ROBIN HOOD OR RAPSCALLION?—*Theatre Workshop* does a job of rehabilitation for Australian outlaw *Ned Kelly* in its latest production, reviewed here. Left: *Kelly* (Harry H. Corbett) jeers at the police, watched by spectators (Maurice Good, Clare Isbister, Frank Coda). Right: *The police on the final round-up* (Bob Grant, Michael Forrest, Robert Henderson, Brian Murphy)

that baffles me, that whereas the Kelly gang are played as romantics, their pursuers are represented as comic Keystone cops, falling over their feet and pointing revolvers on which they have forgotten to release the safety catches. This mixture of conventions seems to have no purpose except to provide Mr. Brian Murphy with material for several delightful turns as a comic policeman. The outlaws behave with as much dashing heroism as is possible considering that there is nothing on which it can properly bite.

If the intention is to make the bungling police look fools it breaks down as soon as there is a traitor to be shot or the grand climax of Ned Kelly's death has to be coped with. The police then become formidably efficient. There are merry Irish jigs and there are songs to fill up gaps in the story of this shattering adventure. But the songs have a certain sameness, coming all to echo "The Wild Colonial Boy" and there is scarcely any pretence of singing them at all.

The story is still further impeded by passages of small-talk among the clowns and policemen so trivial that we can only suppose that the producers have been encouraged by the producer to create at these points the impression of naturalness by having their hands at improvisation. Yet through all this confusion Harry H. Corbett somehow succeeds in making an heroic and noble figure of Ned Kelly. Mr. John Lynch and Mr. Maurice Goddard, as the leading members of the Kelly gang, and Miss Avis Bunnage as his gay-hearted but fervently anti-authoritarian mother, give him the romantic support, and Mr. Robert Henderson is subtly absurd as the leading policeman. It may well be that by this time Miss Bunnage has reduced her production to a coherence which it sorely lacked on the first night, and that the potentially good play has emerged.



## Brass bedstead and all

BRISKLY ON THE HEELS OF *Oscar Wilde*—but, paradoxically, streets ahead of it—comes *The Trials Of Oscar Wilde*, a stylish production, designed by Mr. Ken Adam with a great feeling for the period, and in Technicolor. Here is the Café Royal of the 'nineties, aglow with gilt and red plush; here is the excitement of a Wilde first night at the now vanished St. James's Theatre—the foyer packed with elegance, the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Lily Langtry passing through. And here is the Brighton boarding-house bedroom—brass bedstead, busy ornaments and all—where Wilde wrote his untarnishable comedy, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The atmosphere of a bygone age has been most skilfully recaptured.

There is no need for me to re-tell the now familiar story of Wilde's tragic downfall: I will only say that this is a fuller version of it than the one we have previously seen on the screen. It makes the interesting point that at his first trial, on charges involving a number of unsavoury young men, the jury failed to agree—and that at his re-trial Sir Edward Clarke (splendidly played by Mr. Nigel Patrick)

defended him for nothing, so strongly did he feel that British justice was at fault in admitting as evidence against Wilde the testimony of petty criminals and known perjurers.

Mr. Peter Finch's portrayal of Wilde is exceptionally fine. He makes him a soft-spoken, essentially kind man, in whom wit bubbled up as from an inexhaustible spring: he shows him devoted to his gentle wife (Miss Yvonne Mitchell) and his two children—but hopelessly, helplessly in love with Youth. It is a performance that moved me to tears (which very rarely happens to a hardened old case like myself). Mr. John Taylor simply could not be better as "Bosie": he is to the life the utterly selfish, insolent, petulant, demanding golden boy—willing to risk his poor friend's reputation in an attempt to score off his own hated father, the Marquess of Queensberry (Mr. Lionel Jeffries).

There are touching performances from Mr. Ian Fleming as Wilde's old butler and Miss Gladys Henson as his Brighton landlady—and a rightly boulderish and horrid one from Mr. James Booth as Wood, the unscrupulous blackmailer. I do most definitely think this is a film you must see—whether or not you have already seen the black-and-white one starring the admirable Mr. Robert Morley.

Mr. Charles Chaplin, an astute hoarder of his early works, has taken down from the shelf three of the silent comedies that endeared him to us when the world was young—*A Dog's Life*, the immortal *Shoulder Arms*, and *The Pilgrim*: he has dusted them off and strung them together in *The Chaplin Revue*—and, my goodness, how brilliantly they still shine! What a pure comic genius the man was—before speech struck and threw him! What need had he of words, the most eloquent mime of all time? I have not enjoyed him so much for years as I did in this hilarious "revue"—and it gave me the greatest possible pleasure to see

again Miss Edna Purviance, that glorious girl with a habit of eating her fingers in moments of embarrassment.

No serious student of the cinema should miss *Sergei Eisenstein*—an illuminating account of the life of this truly great Russian producer-designer-director (born 1898, died 1948), illustrated with excerpts from his major films, including the revolutionary *Strike* (1924), *The Battleship Potemkin* (1925) and the magnificent *Ivan The Terrible* (1944-46). Eisenstein is revealed as a remarkable graphic artist, with the talent of a Daumier. He drew every character that appeared in his films, he mapped each one's moves when composing his stirring crowd scenes. We are told that at his death he left a full scenario, complete with his designs, for a film on the Russian poet Pushkin. I wonder why it has never been made?

Greatly daring, Mr. Marcel Camus has taken the Orpheus legend, which one had come to regard as M. Jean Cocteau's personal property, has given it a richly colourful Brazilian setting and a Negro cast, and presents it as *Black Orpheus* (*Orfeu*)

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



WHEN HE WAS CHARLIE: No worries about social significance for this happy wanderer with his mongrel friend. It is how Charles Chaplin appears in *The Chaplin Revue*, a trio of his silent comedies, circa 1920, strung together. "How brilliantly they still shine," says Elspeth Grant

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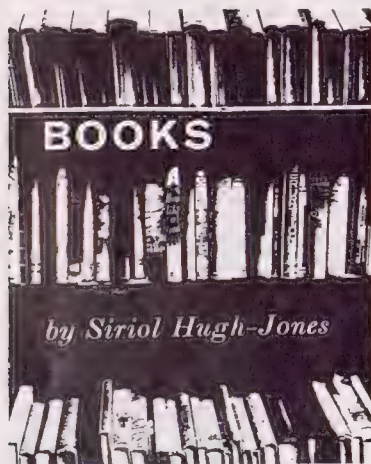
# LANCÔME



VERDICTS *continued*

*Negro*). The protagonists are poor people, living in the outskirts of Rio de Janeiro—and the story of the fated lovers, Orpheus (handsome Mr. Breno Mello) and Eurydice (beautiful Miss Marpessa Dawn), is unfolded against the vivid and enthralling background of Rio's annual carnival.

Everything stops for the carnival—the streets are thronged with gorgeously costumed crowds, singing and dancing themselves into a state of ecstatic frenzy. It is the powerful contrast between their essentially primitive wildness and the absolute modernity of the great city that gives the film its magic. A glimpse of the dark rites of "macumba" (Brazil's form of voodoo) adds the final touch.



## Searching melody in a minor key

SPEAKING AS ONE OF THOSE FAST vanishing woolly mammoths who well recall the 30's, Mr. Cecil Day Lewis (once part of that astonishing composite word Auden-Spender-Day Lewis-MacNeice) is for me for ever associated with my first astonished discovery that poetry didn't stop with Browning and Tennyson. Mr. Day Lewis has just published an autobiography, *The Buried Day*, and though he carries enough big guns of his own not to need my small, unreliable pea-shooter as spare armour, the book's reception here and there has been puzzling to me. By now you may find me jumping crossly up and down and muttering, "Don't shoot the autobiographer who carries a load of 20 years' of public reputation, he's only doing his best to tell you what he's really like whether it matches your pet private image or not."

For my part, I found this account of a complex, compassionate and gentle man (an only child brought up by his father), through school-

days and early life as a writer and schoolmaster, a carefully, delicately built, honest document; undogmatic, unpompous, written in sure, easy, stylish prose, and above all *interesting*—which is the first thing an autobiography must be to escape an early death on the third page. The whole book seems to me to reflect an honourable and admirable effort of will on the part of the writer to find out the truth about himself without blinding the reader with fireworks or inviting him to share in a jolly feast of blood, bones, tears and remorse. Mr. Day Lewis is up to a point a reticent autobiographer—"To justify or condemn oneself in public," he writes, "is a squalid piece of egotism when it will hurt the living," and such a point of view seems to me worthy of three loud cheers.

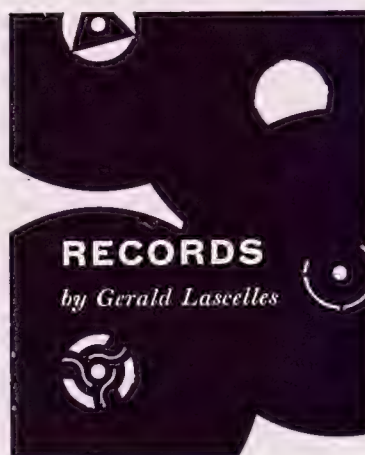
Somehow I have the idea that *The Buried Day* has provoked some disappointment for not being a portrait of a wild-eyed rebel looping round the pubs with a bomb in one pocket and a bleeding heart in the other. It is perfectly arguable that some such character might have written a completely different book, but on the whole it seems an irrelevant speculation. Mr. Day Lewis confesses boldly to liking games and boats and singing, and to eating, in his childhood, tea (too much of it) in the rose garden. Now we call such an early life sheltered, but its problems, perplexities and sorrows are no less real because of the roses and the tea. I found the book entertaining, touching, revealing and generous-hearted.

In spite of having long ago decided I could never again read a single word about the splendour and miseries of the Diaghilev Ballet, I nevertheless raise a small, torn flag once more for Lydia Sokolova's *Dancing for Diaghilev* where the old feuds, bitter quarrels, ill-advised love affairs, and recurring financial crises, and to mention the torn muscles and battered toes, come up as good as new and as dottily fascinating as ever. Sokolova is tremendously interesting about the background work to each new ballet, and unrestrainedly, bewitchingly chatty about the terrible goings-on in that curious travelling hot-house where they worked like galley-slaves and the way to freedom involved total banishment—generally as a result of having tiptoed away to get married without asking the Head Beak's permission. Through the book stalks the ominous figure of Big Serge, soft-voiced and keeping a dreadful eye glued to Nijinsky, Massine, Lifar, Markevitch, in that order.

Richard Buckle has edited the book, and it is hard not to attribute some of its bland, occasionally outrageous innocent-faced funniness to him. ("It was a sure sign

that a young man had been promoted to the position of official favourite when he had his teeth fixed or appeared wearing plus-fours.") How the company held together so long is still a mystery. I still await the last word on the subject, and one wishes it would come from everybody's darling, the elusive Lopokova who twinkled calmly away from the company and turned into Lady Keynes.

I am defiantly unoriginal and trad., even perhaps squarish, in my heroes, and after Napoleon, Byron, Caesar and Sir Thomas More, there is none I love more than Charles II, who had the most intelligent, irresistible and battered face of any monarch in the business, together with a constantly witty and astonishingly modern turn of speech. I was wholly delighted with Hesketh Pearson's biography *Charles II*, which is passionately readable and very much on the side of old epigrammatical curlilocks. There is also an agreeable number of pictures of chic ladies with elegant, boneless hands, looking snakily cornerwise out of sloe eyes and clearly planning to be next in the queue.



## Stars shine on home front

TRUMPETER AL FAIRWEATHER IS one of the most expressive of the dedicated jazz-players in Britain. I have always categorized him—wrongly as it turns out—as a traditionalist, but his latest album, *Al's pals* (33SX1221) displays amazing flexibility. If it was contrived simply to baffle the critics I admit defeat. As it turns out, however, Al's intentions were much more worthy, in presenting different front lines over a basic rhythm section. The four-trumpet sound is ambitious and full of jazz. The second group, using altoists Tony Coe and Bruce Turner, is a snappy version of the American "jump" band, popular for many years in Harlem night spots. The most important is the set-up where alto-

player Joe Harriott joins forces with the rest to blow something upstream of the conventional idiom. Wherever he raises his pensive but potent voice there is music worth hearing.

The mauve decade had me thinking for a while, until I connected the tune titles with Chicago's toughest gun-battling era, and remembered that Alex Welsh normally sets his band the task of recapturing the jazz sense of that period. His is a band which works consistently without making the headlines, and enjoyment is the keynote of these straightforward swinging performances (33SX1219).

A less successful, albeit ambitious, approach to the art of making jazz is *A brass band swinging* (33SX1231), in which Laurie Johnson has arranged a quantity of standard themes for two dozen hand-picked men. All the names are there: Baker, Courtley, Premru, Chisholm, Lusher, but the music they make is cumbersome and pretentious, without ever achieving the importance to which it aspires. The idea of presenting jazz in this brass-band setting is excellent, but it implies very top-heavy arrangements. No matter how well they are played (and here there is quality in every note) the end-product falls short of jazz.

The blues is the underlying theme of two albums which feature Tubby Hayes and his modernistic tenor. *The couriers of jazz* (LTZ-L15188) finds him playing opposite Ronnie Scott, another tenor player of outstanding merit in British jazz circles. Together they have that out-of-the-ordinary cohesion which is one of the peculiar traits of the modern expression. At its worst it sounds slick and soulless; at its best, as here, it is an inspired chase between Hayes as the fox and Scott as the far from outpaced hound!

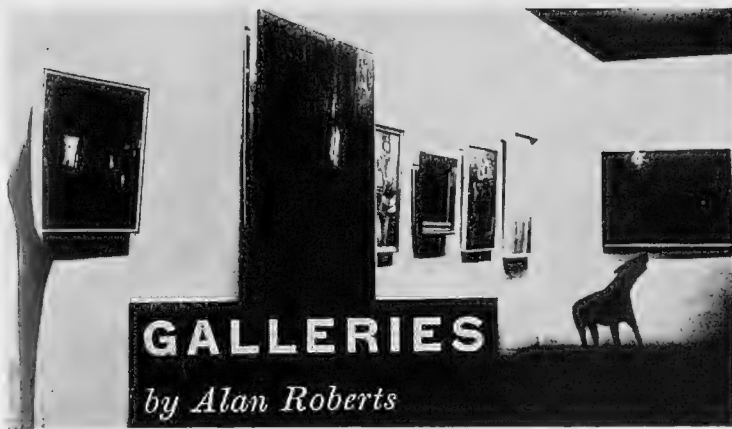
Hayes alone fronts the same rhythm section, in which Terry Shannon's piano is prominent, on *Tubby's groove* (TAP29). This is a more extrovert session, in which he explores the possibilities of his instrument to a greater extent than I have ever heard.

Tommy Whittle's *New horizons* (TAP27) sounds more down-to-earth in some respects; although I am inclined to think of him as a modernist, his roots are much closer to Hawkins than Rollins. He is backed by baritonist Harry Klein, a strong but not prolific soloist, and Eddie Thompson, whose piano work is positively funky at times. Between them, the three contribute original pieces throughout this LP; it is indicative of the strength of jazz thought and development in England today that these men have not resorted to the American repertoire for any of these well-developed themes.

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## The trends among the trees

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THE B.C.C.'s open-air sculpture exhibitions, of which the present one is the fifth, that encourages a different public from the usual gallery-going one. It is as if a sort of claustrophobia, that makes most people afraid of being enclosed within four walls in the company of modern sculpture, is dispelled out of doors where, presumably, they feel that their lines of retreat cannot be cut off.

The 42 works now arranged in a suburban setting in Battersea Park would seem overpowering indoors; all but the strongest minded. Even individually many of them

are only made bearable by the dwarfing effect of the surrounding trees and massed rhododendrons although, paradoxically, Epstein's massive white stone *Ecce Homo*, set against a black-green background of yew, somehow assumes more power and grandeur than ever.

The exhibits have been chosen by a committee in which the "modernists" were obviously top dogs. So much so, in fact, that the few academic works, like Gilbert Ledward's sickly nude *Awakening*, Josephina de Vasconcellos's lifeless *Boys wrestling* and Mark Batten's stodgy pseudo-classical *Diogenes*, have the surrealistic appearance of

Victorian bric-à-brac dropped into a space-fiction world.

Apart from these, and from such fine traditional-realist bronzes as Karel Vogel's *Boy* and Uli Nimpf's *Olympia*, the exhibition covers almost all today's bewildering trends. At one extreme is the airy space-cage of welded steel rods which Robert Adams calls *Triangular structure*. At the other, Hubert Dalwood's *Large object*, a massive dollop (surprisingly of aluminium), which has already been likened to "petrified dinosaur's droppings," and Anthony Caro's *Woman's body*, a shapeless blasted monstrosity that may one day be dug up by archaeologists and hailed as a Willendorf Venus of the Atom Age.

In between these extremes come the more easily appreciated *Messenger*, a Cubistic bronze by Zadkine; Henry Moore's *Glenkiln Cross*, described by its creator as "a rudimentary worn-down cross, the cross and the figure on the cross being merged together"; and François Stahly's smooth, writhing, bronze abstraction *Serpent of fire*. But for the most part the exhibits are, to put it mildly, enigmatic.

There is always the chance that the sculptor, in striving to express some scientific or technological achievement only vaguely understood, may by chance stumble upon the answer to a different and more vital question altogether.

Reg Butler's ingenious *Figure in space* looks to me like such a discovery. In striving after the impossibility of posing a static mass in space he has perched his bronze figure on a trapeze of metal rods supported so precariously on a single welded joint that even in a gentle breeze it trembles and sways both vertically and horizontally. This is clearly a great advance upon Adams's *Triangulated structure*, to which it is allied, and one which I hope to see developed excitingly.

Another discovery of this order, but one which probably remains unsuspected by the sculptor himself, is inherent in Lynn Chadwick's menacing bronze *Black beast* which, when beaten in various parts of his anatomy, emits a variety of mellow sounds. There is no need for me to enlarge upon the possibilities of such "sound sculpture."

Also demanding notice is Ralph Brown's *Figures with a carcass*, a group in which men and meat are brutally equated. Made of concrete and fibreglass it displays an exceptional feeling for mass and form.

The catalogue contains a helpful foreword by Philip James and some (but not enough) of the artists have volunteered explanatory notes about their work. Lectures on the spot would be valuable, although from this point of view more thought should have been given to the arrangement of the show.

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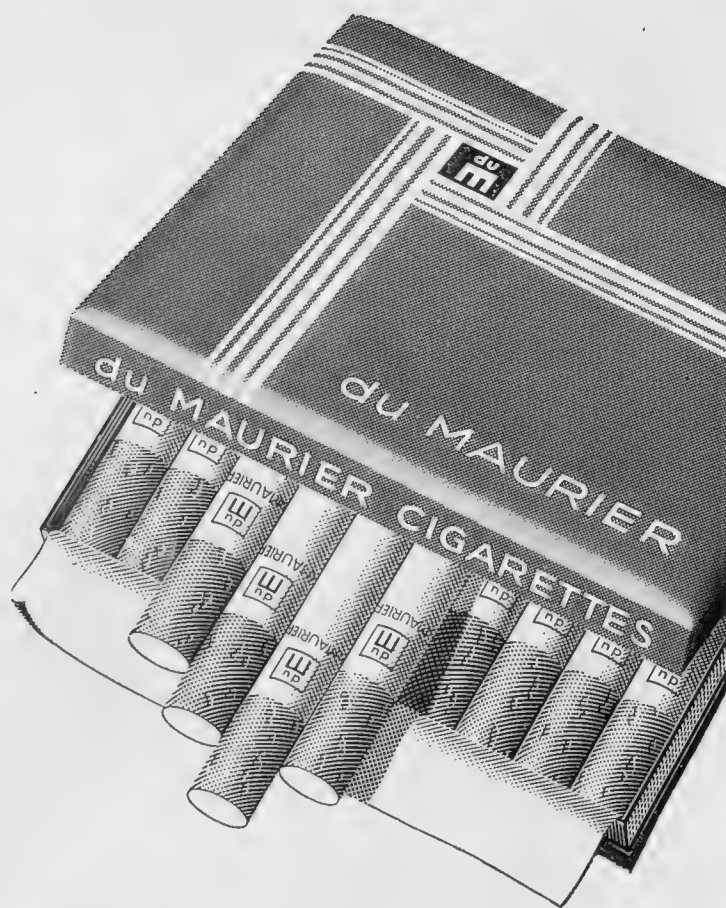
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## MOTORING

### Campbell and the eight-second mile

by GORDON WILKINS

ONE DAY EARLY IN SEPTEMBER, Donald Campbell plans to put on a crash helmet and a special breathing mask and climb into a tiny cockpit in the nose of a 30-foot, four-ton car powered by a 4,250-horsepower gas turbine, to try to become the fastest motorist in the world.

He is following a family tradition. His father, Sir Malcolm Campbell, broke the world land speed record nine times. He was the first man to do 150 m.p.h., the first to reach 300 and he held both land and water records simultaneously. Now his son, who already holds the world water speed record at 260.35 m.p.h. with his jet propelled hydroplane Blue Bird, hopes to annex the land speed record at present standing to the credit of the late John Cobb at 394.196 m.p.h. At 39, he is the same age as his father was when he first set up a new world land speed record in 1924.

Through the years the absolute land speed record has been largely a British monopoly, but four American challengers are now preparing cars. Among them is Micky Thompson, coming back for another try with his latest Challenger, powered by four much-modified Pontiac engines. He already holds the American record at 362 m.p.h. and the international records for distances between 5 kilometres and 10 miles.

Campbell reckons that his car will cost over £1 million, borne by the 69 British firms who are contributing to the project. Success will bring publicity and prestige to British industry and no doubt many valuable lessons will be learned in developing the special parts for the car, but it seems a large sum—almost 10 times as much as the industry votes for co-operative research at M.I.R.A. through the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Add the unknown cost of the American projects, and an awful lot of money is being spent to enable a man sitting in a small cockpit, peering through a tiny armoured glass windscreen, to cover a measured mile in under eight seconds.

With the realism of one accustomed to risky enterprises, Campbell has already formed a trust under the chairmanship of the Duke of Richmond & Gordon to run the project if he should fall ill or die, and has nominated two reserve drivers, both experienced jet fighter pilots, Sqdn. Ldr. Peter Carr and Sqdn. Ldr. Neville Duke, the latter

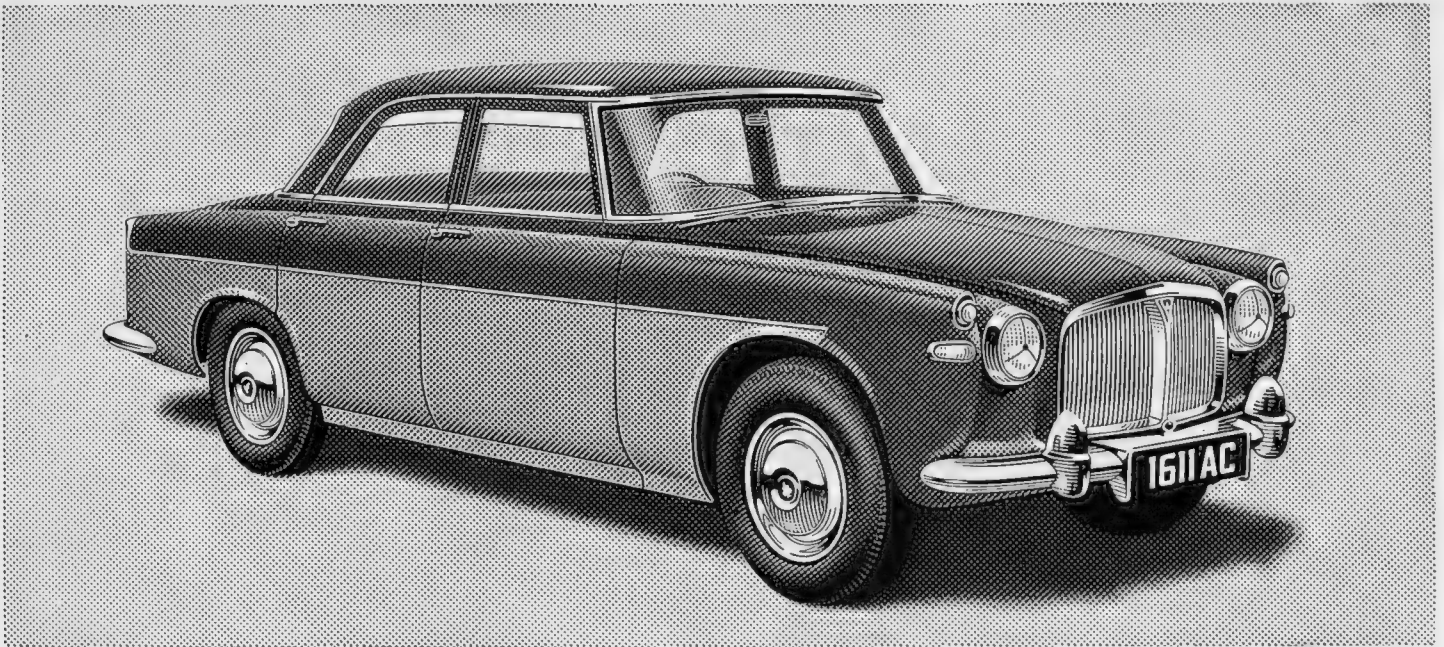
a former holder of the world air speed record. It is felt that their experience will be more useful than Grand Prix driving when it comes to handling a machine like this.

With a gas turbine there is a smooth flow of power from a standstill to maximum speed, so the Blue Bird has no clutch and no gearbox. Campbell will rev up the turbine with the brakes on, and when he lets go the Blue Bird should streak up to 400 m.p.h. in under a minute. It could do better, but he dare not use full power below about 300 m.p.h. for fear of tearing the tyres to pieces. With his eyes peering far ahead down a black line laid on the blinding white salt surface, he will accelerate on towards the measured mile, taking quick glances at the instrument readings which will be projected on to the lower part of the windscreen so that he does not have to lower his head. At the end of the measured mile he will reach for a lever which sends two great flaps swinging out from the sides of the car to act as air brakes, and when the speed has dropped to about 400 m.p.h. he will press the pedal which releases compressed air to work the disc brakes, gently at first and then more firmly. The discs should stop him from 400 m.p.h. in about 60 seconds, and when he stops the pair right behind his back will be glowing bright red.

International regulations stipulate that the return run must be made within an hour, so the team of engineers and mechanics will have a busy time removing fairings, replenishing oil, fuel and compressed air, checking over engine and chassis and slinging around giant wheels and tyres weighing 243 lb. each, new tyres being used for each run.

The car has four wheel drive to equalize the strain on the tyres and the front wheels can only turn through a very small angle within their streamlined housings—the turning circle is about 300 feet. It was designed by two clever young consulting engineers, L. H. and K. W. Norris, who also designed the Blue Bird hydroplane. One of their problems was to design a body which had low wind resistance, but did not try to take off at speed. When they finally arrived at what seemed the ideal shape—after weeks spent testing models in the wind tunnel—they found it was remarkably close to the shape designed by Reid Railton for John Cobb's record car over 20 years ago.

One feature which foreshadows future developments in private cars is the use of extremely light oleo-pneumatic struts instead of springs. The chassis is made from a honey-comb structure of thin light alloy sheet which may one day find a use in high performance cars for everyday use.

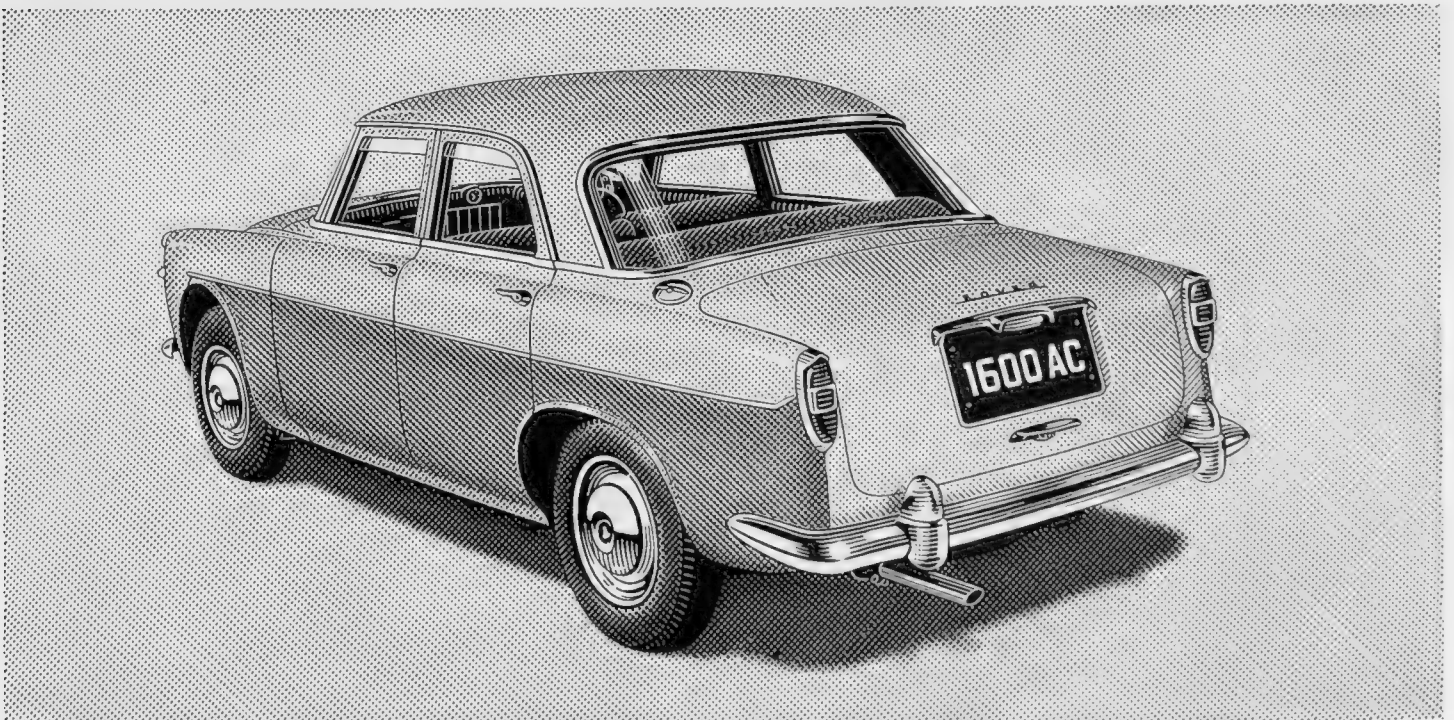


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## Appointment with prawns

by HELEN BURKE

A WEEK OR SO AGO I RECEIVED, through the kindness of one of the largest suppliers of quick-frozen prawns, scallops and scampi, some catering packs of prawns. So I was

forced, willy-nilly, to make in a matter of days a large number of prawn dishes which, in the ordinary way, would have been spread over many months. I must confess that by the time the last prawns had been used up we were a little tired of them—an instance of too much of a good thing.

My first thoughts on receiving the gift were of shellfish cocktails, risottos, curried prawns and omelets. Prawn cocktails figure on the menus of almost all first-class restaurants. The sauce in some is good, in others very poor. For this reason, it has occurred to me that many folk would welcome a recipe for a good sauce, so here it is.

Start with the best possible bland mayonnaise—not salad cream—preferably without mustard in it, though a touch will not matter. Blend into it a quarter of the amount of double cream, or even less, then add just enough tomato ketchup to tint the sauce a pale pink. You can add a little more, if that is how you like it.

Permissible additions to the sauce are a little paprika, worked into the mayonnaise, some grated horseradish, or a drop or two of Worcestershire sauce or Tabasco. Be very careful with these additions, especially the Tabasco, which is extremely

pungent. Do see that the sauce is not too salty. It would be a good idea to make the mayonnaise without salt, then season the completed sauce to taste. If the sauce seems too thick, thin it down with a little water.

Both the sauce and the prawns should be chilled, but not overmuch.

Cut the heart of a lettuce into short, slender strips so that folk will not have trailing pieces to deal with, inelegantly, at table. Place dessertspoons in each tallish glass. Mix together the prawns and their sauce and cover the lettuce generously with them.

A prawn-cheese omelet is well worth trying. This one is based on the Arnold Bennett omelet, created for the famous novelist by M. Baptiste Vielogues who, at the time, was *chef de cuisine* at the grillroom of the Savoy. Incidentally, it is still served there as well as in other London restaurants.

Before making the omelet, make the sauce, so that there will be no waiting.

Simmer  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. flour in  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. butter, without colouring it. Remove from the heat and add  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint milk. Simmer further until the flour is cooked. Add a good dessertspoon of grated Parmesan. Beat a small egg yolk into 2 tablespoons of cream and

stir them into the sauce. Heat to combine.

For the omelet itself (enough for 3 to 4 servings), quickly heat 2 tablespoons of defrosted prawns in a walnut of butter and leave to cool. Beat together 3 eggs just enough to blend them well. Add a tablespoon of Gruyère cheese, cut in small dice, and the prawns. Add also a little salt and freshly milled pepper to taste—that is, if you like pepper in eggs. Some people do not.

Well heat the omelet pan. Pour into it 2 tablespoons of melted butter, leaving behind that drop or so of white liquid. Pour the egg mixture into the pan and, as for any other omelet, stir it with the back of a large fork so that the bottom is always disturbed.

While the omelet is still pretty runny, pour the cheese (Mornay) sauce over it and place under a hot grill to colour the surface a little. Slip the omelet on to a heated dish and serve at once.

Here is a new-to-me way of serving ice-cream with cherries. Buy a can of those lovely pitted black ones. Drain the syrup and reduce it to half. Pour it, cold, over a block of ice-cream. Place the warmed cherries in a sauce-boat. Add a measure or two of warmed brandy, set it alight and serve.

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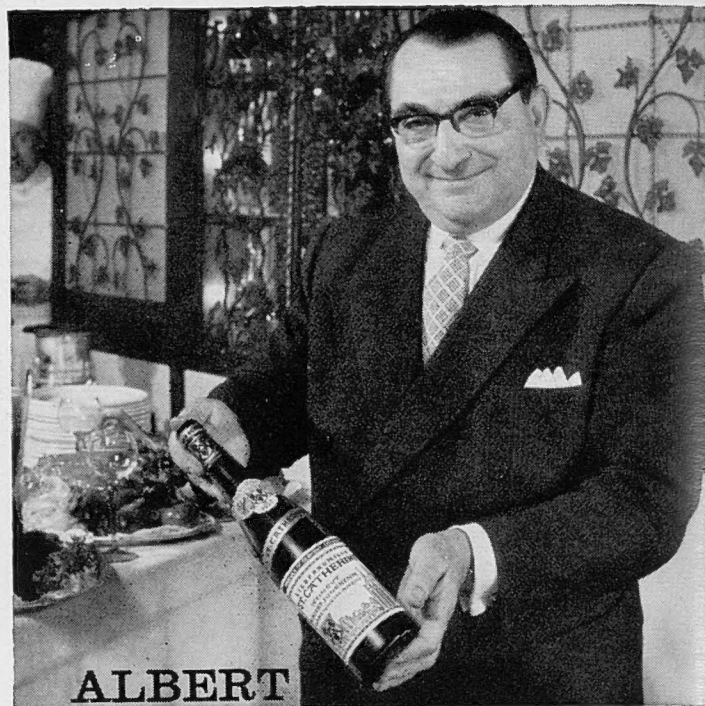
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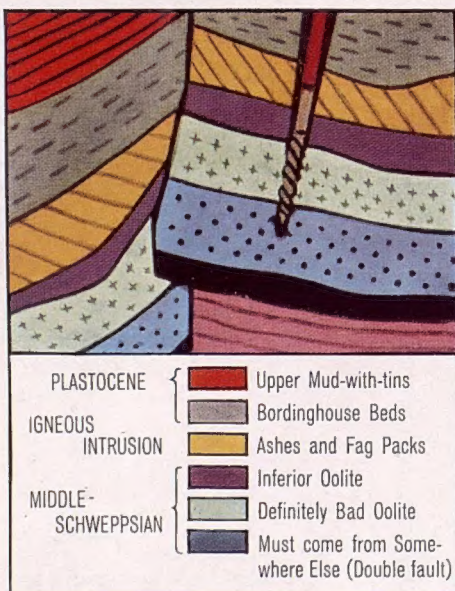
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Leaving his City job on the Schwop Exchange, "Willie" Williman always field geology-watches on his Thursday afternoons off. Here he is on the lawn at Royal Schwepstow just before the Schwinley Stakes, making "dummy casts" for boring. He hopes to throw light on the problem of the earlier existence of a vast warm sea (Totinvestian) which contains records of semi-tropical ovifauna with well-developed display appendages and exaggerated head pluming.

*Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him*

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